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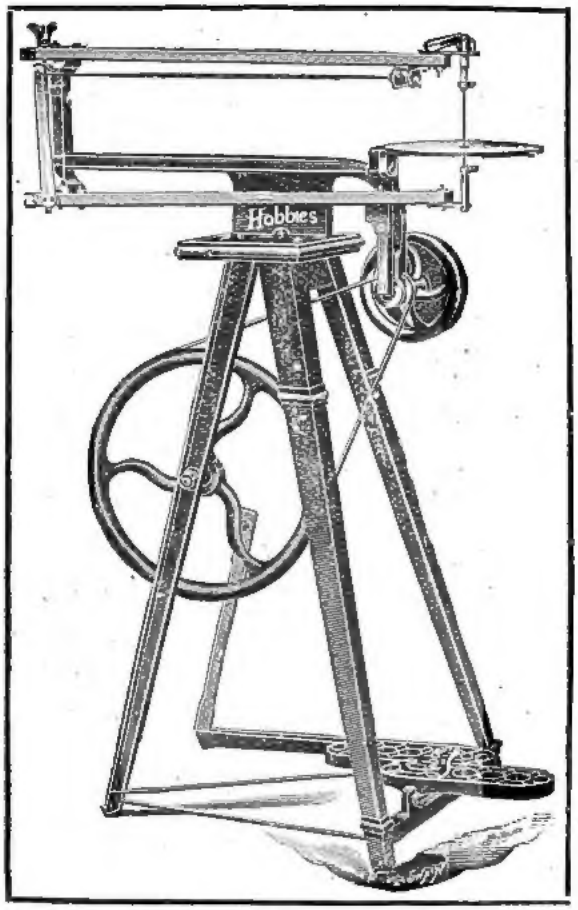

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THE CAPTAIN.

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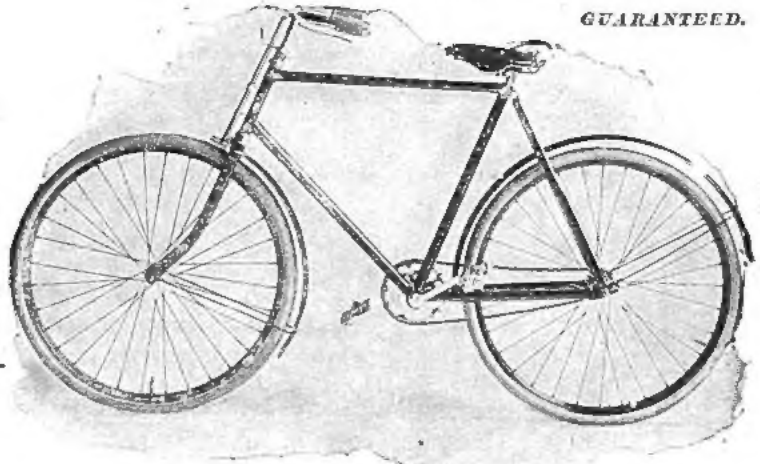

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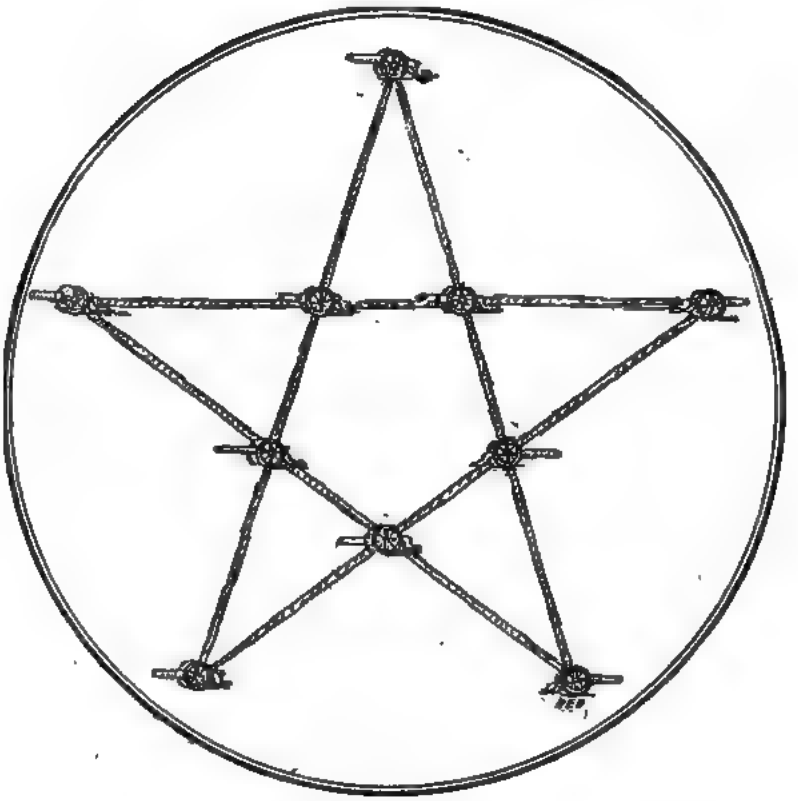
JOUBERT'S GUNS.

A PUZZLE IN BOER FORTIFICATIONS

By Henry E. Dudeney.



Joubert's ideas of fortification are, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, extensive and peculiar. The manner in which his men entrenched their stronghold on Piffelskop (I regret that I cannot find this place on any map of South Africa) was as shown in the above diagram. It will be seen that they have made five straight entrenchments, and so placed their ten big guns that there are four guns in every entrenchment.

This was in strict accordance with Joubert's instructions, but when he saw how his ideas had been carried out, he complained that every gun was open to outside attack, and wished that as many as possible should be placed so that they could not be attacked by our men without their crossing an entrenchment.

The puzzle is to show the best way of altering the arrangement of ten guns and entrenchments, so that there shall still be five straight entrenchments with four guns in each and as few guns as possible exposed to outside attack.

We offer three "Swan" Fountain Pens (*vide* p. 569) for the best solutions of this problem. Competitions should be addressed to "Sphinx," The Captain, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C., and should be received not later than March 12th.

"SNIPING."

Drawn by Colbron Pearse.

Mr. Tussaud and His Wax Models

By The Editor.

H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA IN CORONATION ROBES

THAT modelling in wax is as great an art as painting in oils or water-colours, or hewing a human shape out of marble, is now an acknowledged fact. "Waxworks" they may be called, but they are marvellously clever achievements, and Mr. John Theodore Tussaud is the highest living exponent of the ceroplastic art.

Of course, he has inherited his talent, for he is the *great*-grandson of the famous "Madame," after whom the Exhibition near Baker Street is called.

Knowing that "Madame Tussaud's" always keeps pace with the times, and hearing that life-like models of our generals at the front (in addition to other celebrated personages connected with the present crisis) were on view, I partly strolled and partly "bussed" up to Baker Street, and, after threading my way among a multitude of scaffold-poles (for the exhibition is being greatly enlarged), I at length arrived at the "studio," where I found Mr. Tussaud, in sculptor's "dressing-gown," hard at work on a new model. And while I waited for the great man I thought I would sketch out a little history of the "show," which most of you have probably visited.

Wax model by SIR GEORGE WHITE. *John T. Tussaud.*

"Madame Tussaud's," then, is an exhibition which is considerably more than a hundred years old, seeing that it was first established in Paris before the Revolution of 1789. To John Christopher Curtius's studio flocked the *élite* of the gay city, for at that time modelling in wax was a craze among Parisian fashionables. It was only natural that Marie Gresholtz, the adopted daughter of M. Curtius, should pick up a considerable knowledge of the art in question, and so it came about that when her father by adoption died, and she married M. Tussaud, the young lady naturally took up the exhibiting of her wax figures as a means of earning a livelihood. She came to England, and, after pitching her tent in various places, finally settled down in the locality which has ever since been the

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Wax tableau by *John T. Tussaud*

TRANSVAAL WAR GROUP.

home of the show. Francis, Madame's son, carried on the business and modelled full vigorously for many years. Then Joseph, the son of Francis, ascended the waxen throne, and was succeeded, in course of time, by John Theodore, who, as I have said, is the great-grandson of the young French girl who was compelled by the leaders of the Great Revolution to model heads fresh from the red knife of the guillotine.

The present representative of the celebrated waxwork family is a gentleman rather over thirty years of age, tall, genial, and good-looking, and he seems to have had wax-modelling on the

Tableau by *John T. Tussaud,*

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD'S GALLANT FIGHT ON BOARD THE "SAPPER."

SIR REDVERS BULLER

brain ever since he began to grow.

"Oh, yes, I went to school," he admitted, when I had managed to coax him into a talking humour, "first at St. Charles's College, under Cardinal Manning, and then at St. Benedictine's Monastery, Ramsgate. But before going to school, you know, I was born at No. 2, Inkermann Terrace, Kensington, and I recollect that our neighbour in the last house of the terrace was Noble, the sculptor. He was very fond of building kites in the shape of an eagle, and flying them over the vast expanse of cabbage fields which formed the outlook from my bedroom window. Noble and my father were good old friends, and his sons were great chums of mine.

"I used to do a good deal of outline studying, anatomy, and modelling from the antique under my father's directions during my holidays, and when I was thirteen I left school and gave up class-books for waxworks. I was barely fourteen when my father entrusted me with the modelling of my first figure, that of Milan, King of Servia.

"I can't say," continued Mr. Tussaud, "how many waxen effigies I have shaped since then, but the number must be a large one. Among those I have modelled 'from life' I may mention Barnum, John Burns, Sir Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Shrewsbury, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, G. A. Sala, George R. Sims, and many others. The first person that ever gave me a sitting was the

Wax tableau by *John T. Tussaud.*

DEATH OF GENERAL GORDON.

GORDON HIGHLANDERS STORMING THE HEIGHTS OF DARGAI

Tichborne Claimant, on the day after he came out of prison. When he was sentenced he was almost too stout to walk, but when his time expired he was a most thin and genteel-looking individual."

Mr. Tussaud then went on to explain that, when it is not possible to obtain a sitting from some person whose effigy it is thought desirable to add to the exhibition, the first thing to do is to procure pictures and photographs of him, and get glimpses of him in the flesh as frequently as possible. Then it is desirable to find out who his tailor is, in order to get the measurements of his body and a suit of clothes that will fit the waxen representative

"We experience no difficulty in finding subjects for modelling," Mr. Tussaud explained, "as the newspapers do all that for us by the prominence they give to notorious and celebrated personages. When our modeller is desirous of getting a criminal he has to hover about police and law courts and commit every line, twist, and curve of the wrongdoer's countenance to memory and the pages of his sketch-book."

"And do you find it difficult to procure the belongings of murderers and others in order to exhibit them?" I asked.

"No, that is an easy matter," replied Mr. Tussaud. "You see, in almost every case articles belonging to criminals are offered to us by their relatives, who are naturally anxious to find money for their defence."

Mr. Tussaud then proceeded to give me some particulars about his daily work and the hundred-and-one matters which he has to see to in connection with the "works." He leaves his house at Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.,

at nine in the morning, and stays at the exhibition till seven and sometimes eight. He is very fond of dabbling in mechanical engineering, but "it seems to me that, when I'm not at the exhibition or having my meals, I'm in bed," which is only another way of saying that he is one of the world's workers, and not a drone.

Mr. Tussaud often wanders about the exhibition rooms, and amuses himself by watching the visitors and listening to their comments on the figures. "No matter how boisterous the holiday people may be when passing up the staircase," he said, "they no sooner enter the main hall than their voices become hushed and their behaviour subdued and decorous The presence of so many startling, life-like figures has a quieting effect on them, I suppose, and as for the 'Chamber of Horrors,'" he concluded, smilingly, "they seem afraid even to whisper in it."

PRESIDENT KRUGER.

MR. TUSSAUD AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO.

"Which is your 'favourite child,' Mr Tussaud," I asked, "of all the figures you have modelled?"

"As well as anything I have done," he replied, "I like the model of Lord Tennyson. I naturally took great pains with it, and it pleased me very much when I heard that he inquired several times about it. He particularly wanted to know whether I had 'put many grey hairs in,' for even to the last, you know, it was a boast of his that he hadn't a grey hair in his head. However, I had to stick to nature, and so I introduced a few—but only a few."

"During one of my strolls," he continued,

PRESIDENT STEYN.

THE TIGER HUNT

girl. After reading all about 205, the old chap passed on to the next figure, and, while his wife gazed with wonder on the sprightly young lady plying the nimble toe, religiously explained that this was Joan of Arc, the saint-like heroine of the Hundred Years' War, etc., etc. You can imagine his intense astonishment, on looking up from his book, when he found the Maid of Orleans doing a giddy step-dance!"

"I suppose visitors are always very respectful in their attitude towards the figures?"

"Oh, very, especially when they are taking stock of the Royal Family. Why, I have frequently seen men raise their hats as they pass the Queen's effigy. And this reminds me that I have several times observed members of the Royal Family among the crowd. They prefer to pay their shilling like ordinary folk to being received and escorted round with ceremony. I used to see the late Lord Randolph Churchill in here, and other persons of equal eminence. The Duke of Wellington, as the catalogue tells you, was very fond of visiting the old show in Baker Street and having a chat with my great-grandmother."

"Have you generally much difficulty with your sitters?

"Very little indeed. Sir Henry Irving sat excellently, and so

"I witnessed a highly amusing incident. An old country farmer was going round with his wife, and steadily working through his catalogue. Here and there, between the figures, are statues of fawns, dancing girls, and so on, as I daresay you have noticed. Well, between figures 205 and 206 (Joan of Arc) there used to stand the plaster cast of Canova's dancing-

did John Burns. Mr. George R. Sims was restless. He used to dash in at very odd times,

and give me short, sharp sittings. I once had a book of his (the 'Dagonet Ballads') in my hand when he came into my studio, and so I asked him to sign his name in it. Without a moment's hesitation he wrote:

"Dear Tussaud,
"I'm a model man,
You're a modeller.
"Yours truly,
"G. R. Sims.

"That was not a bad impromptu, was it?"

There are, of course, some very old figures in the exhibition, but the oldest effigy in the show is that of Voltaire, which was modelled by Madame Tussaud, and has been exhibited for over a hundred years. Among other old ones are those of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI., Washington, Franklin, and Mrs. Siddons. The Tussauds have, from time to time, paid away very big prices for their "relics." The money spent by Mr. Tussaud's father in collecting the information relative to the Kings and Queens of England, all of which he modelled himself, amounted to an extremely large sum; "but after all," as Mr. Punch observed regarding Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, "it *must be* a question of figures."

Visitors to the exhibition occasionally meet with surprises, as the following anecdote will show. Shortly after the late Lord Mayo was assassinated in India his model was placed in the main hall. One day an elderly lady, while passing round the hall, came suddenly upon it. She immediately uttered a piercing shriek and fell to the floor as if in a swoon. People rushed to her assistance, and soon she was all right again. On inquiry she turned out to be the deceased peer's housekeeper, who had visited the place evidently little expecting to see a counterfeit likeness of her old master.

"I believe the funniest anecdote I ever heard in connection with our exhibition," said Mr. Tussaud, just before I rose to go, "was one related by my grand-uncle. He told us that he was standing by the turnstiles one day when a portly female walked towards the pay-table. It was in the crinoline days, and she had on a particularly big specimen of those dress improvers. She made a very peculiar shuffling noise with her feet as she passed through the turnstile, and it was this unusual sound that made my grand-uncle watch her as she passed into the rooms. As soon as she had got well into the main hall—and evidently thought that she was quite unobserved—she cautiously lifted up her crinoline, and lo!—*out walked two little children!*"

How to Get to Pretoria.—The puzzle was to place the point of your pencil at Capetown in the map, and show what route you would take your regiment in order to reach Pretoria, after visiting as many of the towns as possible. It was added that "you cannot travel across country except by the imaginary railways, nor may you visit the same town twice."

Now, I will state at once that if you travel only by the railways, you must always miss at least one of the towns. You may, in fact, omit any one of eleven places. But the correct answer is that we may visit every one of the towns on our way from Capetown to Pretoria.

If the reader will look again at the words I have quoted above, he will see that, while we are forbidden to travel across country except by the railways, nothing whatever was said to prohibit our taking our regiment by sea. The smart solver, noticing the words "Indian Ocean," observing that two of the towns were on the sea coast, and remembering that in the actual conduct of the present war a large number of our regiments have, after their arrival at Capetown, been sent on by transport steamer to Durban, at once discovered the whole point of the puzzle, and embarked his troops promptly for Durban.

Having arrived at Durban from Capetown, you are free to elect by which of four towns (Johannesburg, Pietersburg, Middelburg, or Klerksdorp) you will enter Pretoria. If you select one of the first three, there is in every case only one route open to you. If you decide to go in by Klerksdorp, you will have the option of one of two routes. Though the majority of solvers used the Johannesburg route, all the routes were sent in except one, which nobody discovered. This is the route I will now give: Capetown to Durban by sea, De Aar, Colesberg, Kimberley, Fourteen Streams, Vryburg, Mafeking, Nylstroom, Pietersburg, Leydsdorp, Komatiepoort, Barberton, Middelburg, Harrismith, Charlestown, Ladysmith, Estcourt, Pietermaritzburg, Dundee, Heidelburg, Johannesburg, Bloemfontein, Klerksdorp, and Pretoria.

The prize of One Guinea has been awarded to John B. Edgar, Ashton, Lockerbie, N.B. Out of an immense number of attempts received only twenty-four other competitors sent correct answers, and these all receive honourable mention as follows: C. B. Joyner, P. A. Aldridge, J. A. Clapshew, E. T. Davys, George Arnold, L. B. Bristow, A. M. Crum, O. T. Davis, Percy Smith, F. C. J. Romans, T. B. Eames, R. Torromé, A. S. Lewis, G. B. B. Johnson, W. M. McWatters, H. M. Gardner, E. Richardson, F. Bridge, H. H. Bashford, W. G. Hynard, Ernest King, M. W. Brayshay, W. J. D. Reed-Lewis, and Nora Annandale (Brussels).

Drawn by Louis Wain.

THE DOGS' PARLIAMENT.

Google

RESOLUTION.

CHEER, boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow—
Courage! true hearts shall bear us on our way.
Hope points before, and shows the bright to-morrow,
Let us forget the darkness of to-day.

CHARLES MACKAY.

∴ ∴ ∴

Is your side the small and weak one?
Hail the fact with eager joy!
It will but inflame your courage,
If you're half an English boy.
Enter with a hopeful spirit;
Spurn the thought of giving in,
Gain or lose you still may merit
Fortune's smile; then play to win.

Let not present failure daunt you.
Say, who would not rather be
Of the Spartans than the Persians,
There at old Thermopylæ?
Many a cause has glowed the brighter
After loss 'mid battle's din:
Many and many a gallant fighter,
Through defeat has learned to win.

REV. R. L. BELLAMY.

∴ ∴ ∴

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

SHAKESPEARE.

∴ ∴ ∴

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

LONGFELLOW.

The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero. Say we fail!
We feed the high tradition of the world
And leave our spirit in our children's breasts.

GEORGE ELIOT.

∴ ∴ ∴

If nothing more than purpose in thy power—
Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly: Angels could no more.

YOUNG.

∴ ∴ ∴

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE.

∴ ∴ ∴

Still the maiden clung more firmly,
And with trembling lips and white,
Said, to hush her heart's wild beating,
"Curfew *shall not* ring to-night!"

THORPE.

∴ ∴ ∴

Do something—do it soon—with all thy might:
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God Himself, inactive, were no longer bless'd!

CHARLES WILCOX.

∴ ∴ ∴

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind!
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.

MACAULAY.

∴ ∴ ∴

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.

LONGFELLOW.

∴ ∴ ∴

Onward, Christian Soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus,
Going on before!
Christ our Royal Master
Leads against the foe—
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go!

REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

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MALVERN COLLEGE

SIR WALTER ST JOHN'S SCHOOL, BATTERSEA

LLANDOVERY COLLEGE

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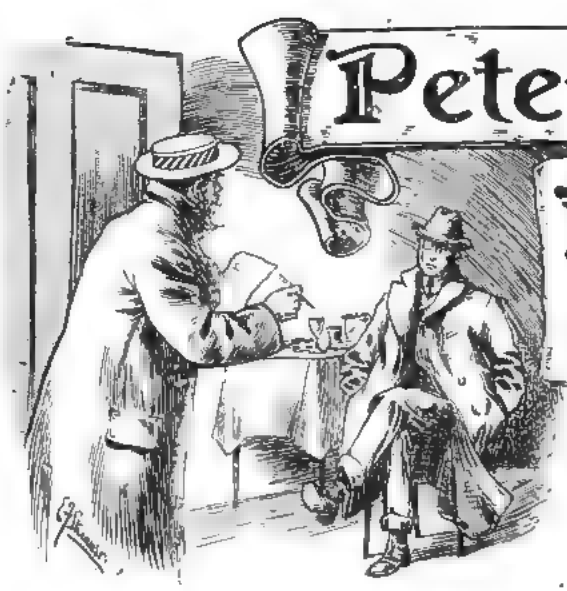


Peter and the Dewberry Cup

By Alfred Cochrane.

Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

CHAPTER I.

The Greyminster School Athletic Sports were ended, or practically ended, rather, I must admit, to my relief. As I was being entertained at Greyminster by my old Cambridge friend, Tom Fletcher, to whom the boys and their doings were matters of the most absorbing interest, I did my best to feel a sympathetic excitement about the chances of Clark Minor in the half-mile, or Jenkinson in the long jump. But the March day was sunless and cold, with a bitter east wind, which swept across the cricket-field and made the red and blue flags crackle dismally. Even the enormous ulster in which I had been careful to wrap myself could not keep me warm; and when I had satisfied the claims of politeness by watching some of the earlier events, I retreated to the pavilion, in order to shelter myself within its white-washed walls. I sat there for some time, feeling extremely bored, when Fletcher joined me, purple-faced but cheerful, carrying a paper and pencil, which gave him an official air.

"Here you are!" he cried. "Looking at the prizes, eh? Rather neat some of them—what?"

"Very nice, indeed," I replied, turning round and becoming aware that there was a table behind me covered with various articles in electro-plate and polished oak. There were biscuit boxes and salt-cellars, and little silver cups, with many other things that no boy could possibly want.

"We shall have to turn out," said Fletcher, "because the prize-giving is just going to begin. Come along."

There was a thin rain falling as we mingled with the crowd of boys and visitors round the foot of the pavilion steps. At the top stood the head master, attended by a lady, whom I surmised to be his wife, for she smiled with that suavity which distinguishes the wives of head masters. Then the ceremony began, the name of each winner being called out from a list, and the lucky youth in question presenting himself bashfully, amid applause.

We had come to the victor in the quarter mile (under fifteen) and the head master announced that this favourite of fortune was about to become, not only the possessor of a prize which he might call his own, but also the holder of the handsome silver challenge cup, presented by William Dewberry, Esq., old Greyminsterian. We prepared to cheer lustily, when there was suddenly a stir among the company. The smiling lady was, it is true, prepared to fulfil the first portion of the head master's promise, and balanced in her gloved fingers a pair of glittering sugar-tongs; but the Dewberry Cup had mysteriously disappeared.

"What's up now?" grunted Fletcher at my side; "the cup's sure to be there. They don't know it when they see it."

But a heated dialogue carried on in an audible undertone round the prize-table proved less reassuring. It was clear the cup was not to be found.

"Who was last year's holder?" questioned the

Doctor of the boy who seemed to be the custodian of the valuables.

"Ferguson, sir, in Mr. Dixon's," was the reply; "but he left last summer, and Williams junior, who was in the same study, took charge of the cup. He says he put it on the table this morning, and in fact the stand has just been picked up underneath."

"But surely some of you should have looked after the prizes during the day, or at least noticed that the cup was missing before this?"

"Yes, sir," assented the boy; "but I fancy it must have been taken while we were at dinner, although the pavilion was locked."

The head master made a sound expressive of disgust, as he ruefully contemplated all that was left of the Dewberry Cup. This was a small round stand of ebony, encircled with silver shields bearing the names of successive owners of the trophy.

Fletcher was beside himself with indignation and astonishment. No such distressing event, he told me, had ever before disgraced the annals of Greyminster School Athletics.

"Pretty good cheek, I call it," he said. "Some of the loafers about the ground, I expect. No boy would do such a thing."

"I cannot well see how he could," I answered, "for the cup would surely be identified in a moment."

"I'm not so certain of that," said Fletcher; "it's a plain kind of cup."

"What is it like?"

"About that height," he replied, indicating a distance of some 8ins. with his hands, "with a straight stem and two decorative handles. There is nothing in the look of the thing to connect it with running, for, if I remember right, the two handles are made to represent oak leaves."

"Round the base of the stem," said another master standing by, "is a wreath of some vegetable that might suggest the Isthmian parsley, but I believe the suggestion is quite accidental."

"Was it silver?" I asked.

"Yes," laughed the other master "The malefactor had more sense than to be dazzled by our electro."

While we talked, the prize-giving continued, yet shorn of much of its previous brilliancy. The head master delivered a few scathing remarks upon the iniquity of this abstruse piece of dishonesty, and darkly hinted that the matter would not be allowed to rest. After the remaining prizes had been duly discovered and distibuted we joined in giving cheers for various people, and the assembly broke up. Knots of agitated whisperers collected to talk about the theft of the cup, and there was much suspicion afoot.

"HALLO!" I BEGAN, "DO YOU WANT TO SPEAK TO ME?"

Some of his multifarious duties detained Fletcher in the pavilion, and I walked back to his rooms alone, musing as I went upon what I had just heard, and wondering whether the officers of justice were already upon the track of the culprit. Suddenly I became aware that I was myself being shadowed down the village street in the most persistent manner. Following me at about four yards' distance was a small boy.

Conscious of my own innocence, I stopped and faced my pursuer. He was pale-faced and slightly freckled, with light blue eyes and straight hair the colour of tow. He wore a battered straw hat, from which the rain trickled, and a seedy-looking great-coat with very short sleeves. Beneath his coat peeped out two thin bare legs, and his feet were encased in canvas shoes which had once been white. Altogether, he looked rather wet and disreputable as he confronted me in the misty drizzle.

"Hallo!" I began, "Do you want to speak to me?"

"Yes, please, if you don't mind," he replied, "because we are relations."

"Are we?" I asked, with a surprise which I hope was not discourteous.

"You married my sister," he continued in a grave voice. "I am Peter Worsley—Peter James Babington Worsley—perhaps you have heard of me?"

Of course I had heard of him! I remembered now that my wife had a young brother at Greyminster School. We had been married in December, before the public schools had broken up, so I had no previous opportunity of making Peter's acquaintance.

"Oh, you are Peter!" I said. "I ought to have made you out before, but you know Kitty is away in France at the present moment."

"Nursing Aunt Sarah," he added.

"Exactly. So I am at home by myself; and I quite forgot about you when Fletcher asked me down here."

We walked down the road, conversing as we went; there was a quaint sedateness about Peter's manner which amused me greatly.

"That's a queer thing," I said, "about the stolen cup."

"Very. What do you think they will do if they catch the chap who has got it?"

"Give him six months," I suggested.

"Phew!" he whistled dolefully, "six months!"

"Well, good-bye," I said, when we reached Fletcher's door. "You must come and see me some time at home, 'The Gables,' Somerton. You know the address. Any time will suit me, so long as I am at home."

"Right you are," he assented heartily. "Good-bye."

Though I left Greyminster at an early hour upon the following morning I had in the interim time enough to get painfully tired of the very name of the Dewberry Cup. My excellent friend Fletcher could talk of nothing else. The oakleaf handles and the wreath about the base were dinned into my patient ears with distressing frequency. Fletcher was bent upon offering a reward in the local papers. Other masters, who dropped in to smoke during the evening, had other remedies to suggest; all of them were certain that no boy had anything to do with it. The felony had been accomplished by some cracksman in the disguise of a gentleman (here I fancied that some of them glanced at me) who had come to the place under the pretext of watching the sports. This was the received hypothesis to account for the crime.

The following evening, though I was alone, Jarvis, the butler, had laid dinner with much state. It was still chilly weather, and the firelight flashed comfortably on the snowy damask and the silver candlesticks.

"By George!" I said to myself as I began my soup, "how they talked about that cup last night—the—what was its name?—Dewberry?—that was it—the Dewberry Cup. They were certain it was taken by a stranger; but I'll lay a sovereign that the cup is somewhere in Greyminster School; probably in some boy's box at this moment."

"HAVE YOU ANY IDEA, JARVIS, WHERE THIS CAME FROM?"

Thus ran my meditations as I raised my head and sipped a glass of sherry. But above the rim of my wine-glass I suddenly saw a sight which riveted my attention. Placed by the artistic hand of Jarvis exactly between the two candlesticks on the table was a small silver cup, with oak-leaf handles. Round the base was coiled a wreath. It could surely be none other than the Dewberry Cup itself! To satisfy myself that the cup was not a phantom I picked it up and examined it. If it were not the missing prize, it was astonishing that there should be two cups so alike in every detail.

Jarvis, entering with the fish, found me fingering the piece of silver inquisitively.

"Have you any idea, Jarvis," I inquired, "where this came from?"

"No, sir," he said decidedly, "except that it came out of the safe. The bag for it is in the sideboard drawer."

"Let me see it; perhaps there may be some label on it."

My wife had, in her earlier and more conscientious housekeeping days, made some green baize bags for our silver, and, assisted by a catalogue of hall marks, had affixed a little label to each bag, giving a description of the piece within. It was one of these receptacles that Jarvis produced and exhibited to me now. But there was nothing on the ticket that gave me any help; it merely stated: "Silver cup, Birmingham, 1878," which was of no use whatever.

Eventually, while half-inclined to dismiss the affair as an odd coincidence, I decided to allow the enigma to wait for the solution until my wife's return from abroad. There seemed for the moment to be nothing else to do.

CHAPTER II.

At breakfast next morning the cup still confronted me, standing in the centre of the sideboard, between a silver mug, which I had received at my christening, and a substantial bowl, which a cart-horse of my grand-uncle's had won at a local show. Upon the breakfast table lay the *Somerton Advertiser*, and, prominently placed upon the middle page of this deserving journal, was the announcement of "A Mysterious Robbery at Greyminster School." Further, in the advertisement columns was a description of the Dewberry Cup, and the offer of £5 reward to anyone giving evidence that would lead to the detection of the thief. I involuntarily glanced beyond the tea-urn towards the sideboard where the little cup stood. Then, as my eye fell upon the portly outline of the cart-horse trophy and the glitter of the christening mug, I was struck with a possible suggestion of pathos in the incident. Supposing this were the Dewberry Cup, here was I wallowing, so to speak, in silver plate, and there was the small school-boy athlete deprived by fraud of the coveted prize for which he had striven. So overcome was I that I could no longer tolerate the sight of the Dewberry Cup—or the cup that resembled it—and, with a furtiveness for which I could scarcely account, I concealed it within a baize bag and closed a sideboard drawer upon it.

Hardly was this done when Jarvis came in to mention that a gentleman had called to see me, but that he had been unable to catch his name. There was the less disadvantage in this as my visitor had silently followed the servant into the room. At a glance I recognised the scant greatcoat, and the queer pale face. It was none other than my brother-in-law, Peter, looking much as I had seen him last, except that a badly-blacked pair of boots replaced the old tennis shoes, and that his shins were encased in trousers. Also, as a tribute to the gay informality of the holidays, he had inserted in his black tie a silver horseshoe pin. The same placid assurance distinguished him as he stepped forward and shook me by the hand.

"Good morning, Peter," I cried. "Glad to see you. Come and have some breakfast. Bring another plate, Jarvis, for Mr. Worsley."

"The fact is," my brother-in-law explained, "that I thought as you had so kindly asked me to come and see you, I would just come now, as there is hardly anyone at home. I wrote home to say I was not coming yesterday, so that's all right."

"Capital!" I replied. "I am only sorry that Kitty is not here to welcome you."

He took off his coat, while his light eyes wandered about the room.

"It is much more interesting to see you here alone," he replied graciously, "because I have known Kitty ever so much longer."

After this interchange of compliments we breakfasted together, and he did hearty justice to the viands. But all the time he kept up a flow of conversation, telling me of his doings at school and asking me many searching questions, such as how I liked Kitty, and what my business was, and whether I bicycled.

It was with regret that I started for my business, but he had no doubt whatever that he could amuse himself, and I promised to come back early. On my way home an obvious idea occurred to me in connection with the silver cup. Perhaps Peter could identify it and set my suspicions at rest. At all events, I would show the cup to him and ask him his opinion.

With this resolve in my mind, I inquired of Jarvis, whom I met in the hall, if Mr. Peter was about, and Jarvis so far forgot his usual dignity as to indulge in a subdued sniff.

"He might be anywhere, sir," he said. "He's been in most places this morning, and never in any of them for long. Such an inquisitive gentleman I never saw."

I found Peter quietly seated in a large easy chair on the billiard room hearthrug, and he was reading with absorbed attention the "Badminton

Billiards." My entrance did not distract him, for he was tracing out with his finger one of the diagrams of strokes in the book.

"Do let us play!" he cried, springing up hastily. "I've read as far as page 108, and without skipping much either.'

"You ought to be very good then," I said, cheerfully.

He shook his head solemnly, but presently I saw him smiling to himself as he chalked a cue with great care.

"Before we begin,' I said, "just come along with me for a minute, for I've something to show you It is in connection with that silver cup which was lost at the Greyminster Sports. I have a cup which corresponds in the most curious way with the Dewberry Cup, and I thought perhaps you might be able to identify it. It is not at all likely to be the missing cup, but still I would like you to see it."

"SOMEBODY HAS MOVED THE CUP! IT WAS HERE THIS MORN NG.'

We walked to the dining room, and I made straight for the sideboard. In the drawer where I had placed the cup at breakfast time there was the green baize bag sure enough, but there was no cup in it.

"Bother it!" I said, angrily. "Somebody has moved the cup! It was here this morning! Why can't people leave things alone!"

I rang for Jarvis, but, to my extreme surprise, he professed entire ignorance. The whole thing puzzled me, and presently I had further cause for astonishment. The green baize bag, which had held the cup, was not in reality empty. Down in the corner was something small and hard and round, which I extricated and examined. It was, of all things in the world, a four shilling piece!

For a few moments I silently pondered the chain of events. I found myself confronted, first with a stolen cup, then with a curious cup which resembled the stolen cup, and finally with a cup which could transmute itself into a coin of the realm.

Peter roused me from my meditations with a question.

"If this was really the Dewberry Cup," he said, "aren't you relieved to find it gone and out of your possession?'

"No," I said promptly; "why should I be?"

"You would be sure to be imprisoned for stealing."

"Not at all. As the case stands now, all I can see is that there are two cups stolen — first the one at Greyminster, and next this one. But I have not stolen either."

He put his hands in his pockets and regarded my agitation with an undisturbed countenance.

"But I'll be at the bottom of this," I cried, waving the green bag about. "I'll have the whole house searched, and see if the cup is here. I'll communicate with the police."

My brother-in-law was clearly rather impressed with my threats, for he began to look at me with open-mouthed interest. Perhaps his attitude of exaggerated attention served to remind me how trivial the episode really was, for I stopped my unworthy display of emotion and suggested a return to the billiard-room.

Later in the evening I grew even more mollified, and I told Peter that there was some queer puzzle about my missing cup which we should soon clear

Google

up. Besides, really, if it were gone I should not care twopence.

"Why, you told me it was a handsome cup," he said, in an injured tone of voice.

"So-so," I answered, carelessly. "I never noticed it much; it belongs to Kitty, I believe.'

"I'm sure she likes it very much indeed."

"Why are you sure?" I asked, mildly surprised. "You don't know what the cup was like."

"You have described it," he replied, "and I think it is just the bit of silver Kitty would think handsome."

I thought he insisted rather strangely on this point, but, as I felt that I ought not to depreciate my wife's belongings, I did not continue the discussion. Before we parted I gave him the four-shilling piece which I had found in the bag, and told him to spend it on himself. Very few boys refuse tips, but Peter demurred to accepting my present. He suggested that I might want the coin as evidence, but I said I would borrow it from him if I did. At last he took it reluctantly, murmuring that it was very good of me.

CHAPTER III.

THE cup had not nearly finished its curious series of appearances and disappearances, for next morning it confronted me as usual, standing upon the centre of the sideboard. I did not swoon nor swear, for I was becoming used to its vagaries, and I called Peter's attention to it with comparative calmness.

"There's that blessed silver cup," I observed, pointing to it, "that we were discussing last night. Some housemaid must have moved it out of sight and put it back."

"It looks very nice," said Peter. "I call it a good shape. I'm glad you've got it back."

"Do you think it is the Dewberry Cup?"

"It certainly looks rather the same kind of cup," he said slowly, and then continued, with a magnanimous wave of his small hand, "but never mind. You stick to it, and don't bother to ask questions about it."

"Perhaps you are right," I said, as I opened and glanced through my letters. "It is not worth troubling about."

"I don't say that," he said. "But I daresay they can get a new one at Greyminster."

I read my letters, and found one from Fletcher inviting himself to lunch on that day. This was a capital chance, I told Peter, of setting my conscience at rest. If Fletcher could not recognise the cup, I would conclude that I had been misled by a chance resemblance, and that the Dewberry Cup was elsewhere. Peter seemed dubious, and I think he implied that Fletcher might take away the cup with or without recognition. It transpired that Fletcher and himself were not good friends; they had a difference of opinion over certain passages in "Xenophon," and on the whole he thought it better that he should not meet Fletcher at lunch. If I would lend him my bicycle he would prefer to amuse himself at a distance from "The Gables."

I was not very much disturbed, because I thought perhaps Fletcher would soon revive ancient memories with me alone, and that the presence of a member of his form at Greyminster might check his holiday joviality. My visitor appeared at about one o'clock, glowing with his usual health and energy, and ate an enormous lunch.

As soon as I had lighted a cigarette, and Fletcher's teeth were fixed in his wooden pipe, I spoke about the Dewberry Cup, and asked if they had found it yet. He shook his head gloomily, and I almost repented having aroused so sad a train of thought. But I cheered him by telling him of my discovery of a cup very similar to the one which had been lost at Greyminster. I said nothing about the disappearance of my own cup the day before and its reappearance in the morning. There seemed to me nothing to be gained by adding these perplexing details.

Fletcher declared he would like to see my cup, which I had placed in a small cupboard above the sideboard. To gratify his wish I threw the door back with a dramatic flourish, which was a very rash thing to do.

"There!" I cried; "is that your missing Dewberry Cup?"

He smiled in an uncertain kind of way, and I guessed at once what had happened. I ought to have known the cup better than to suspect it of being there.

Of course, it had disappeared again; and in its place were four shillings, piled carefully one on the top of the other.

Fletcher agreed with me that it was curious, and repeated the epithet with an adjunct that holiday time and the absence of boys alone permitted. For myself, I swallowed rapidly two liqueur glasses of cherry brandy with a recklessness worthy of the villain of fiction. Then I mentioned that the cup had vanished before, and that it seemed impossible to keep it in one place. He listened to my remarks in silence and smoked thoughtfully.

"It's young Worsley," he said, "who plays these tricks with your silver. There's no doubt about it."

"Peter, my brother-in-law!" I exclaimed.

"He's not a bad little boy," pursued Fletcher, "and he means well—or fairly well; but he has always got some queer notion in his head. He has bagged your cup, depend upon it."

"This is

'THERE IS BOUND TO BE A ROW ABOUT IT. I WANTED TO TRY AND WORK IT ON THE QUIET, BUT I AM AFRAID SOMEBODY WILL HAVE TO BE ARRESTED."

no solution at all," I said. "Besides, what can be the significance of always finding four shillings where the cup ought to be? Has it some mysterious meaning, or is it some secret countersign, or something of that sort?"

"That beats me, I admit," said Fletcher; "but you have only got to ask young Worsley; he will have an explanation to offer."

Though I tried to appear sceptical, I was impressed by Fletcher's dogged assertion, and in the evening I asked Peter point blank, whether he knew more about my missing cup, or possibly both missing cups, than he had divulged? He showed no astonishment at my question.

"I know all about it," he replied cheerfully; "and a good deal of it is your fault."

"My fault?" I repeated indignantly.

"Well, you see," he began, settling himself comfortably on the billiard room lounge; "it is rather a complicated business."

"Complicated!" I said. "I should rather think it was."

"So far as I can see," he continued, 'there is bound to be a row about it. I wanted to try and work it on the quiet, but I am afraid somebody will have to be arrested."

"Come, come," I said, genially, "I am not going to take proceedings against you. I know it's a joke of some kind."

"It wouldn't be me," he corrected, hastily, "it would, perhaps, be you."

"Me?"

"Or, more likely, young Williams. He is really to blame for it. But he isn't a bad chap, and he was pretty hard up at the time. So I don't think I shall prosecute him."

"That is very generous of you. How does young Williams come in?"

"Like this," explained my brother-in-law; "but perhaps I had better begin at the beginning."

"Perhaps it would be advisable," I agreed.

"Well, when you got married just before last Christmas holidays, everyone in our house at Greyminster said I ought to give Kitty a present, as she was my sister. So I managed to raise four shillings. Nobody at home would join with me, as they said my share was not worth putting in. Then young Williams came and offered me a silver cup. He said it had been in his family a long time, and I was not to say a word about his selling it, or his people would be very angry. He wanted five shillings, but I could not give him more than four. I thought it was a pretty stiff price when I bought it, but now I am not so sure that it was. It was only my first term, and I did not know much about silver then. I made certain it was not electro, though, by finding the lion on it."

"If it was silver," I said, "four shillings was not very much to give."

"I am very glad of that," answered Peter, "because I thought, perhaps, young Williams had done me. But my mother told me it looked very handsome among the presents, and Catherine wrote me a very jolly letter of thanks. When I got home last Christmas everybody wanted to know where I had got it, but I had promised Williams I wouldn't say, so I kept my mouth shut.

But when I went back to Greyminster last term I made a most dreadful discovery. Williams had bagged the cup, and it was really the Dewberry Challenge Cup for the 'under fifteen' quarter mile. Wasn't that a go?"

"It was, as you say, rather a go. What did you do?"

"The chap who had won it the year before had left, and Williams was supposed to be looking after it, instead of which, he had sold it to me. I think he must have been, as I told you, uncommon hard up, for he isn't a bad fellow."

"He doesn't seem to be a very honest fellow," I put in, reprovingly.

"He thought I could get the cup back, but I wasn't going to write to you for it. It would have seemed so shabby. So there was nothing for it but for Williams to quietly drop the ebony stand behind the table where the prizes were put on the sports day. It was very careless of the Prefects, who were supposed to look after the prizes, not to see that the Dewberry Cup was not there, but I think they took it for granted. Then they thought some visitor had stolen it; and you really had it, though you had not stolen it."

"So I had," I admitted. "I see now. But let me ask you this: I am not saying that the transaction was particularly creditable, but at least in one way or another the affair seems to have blown over—nobody would have had any idea where the cup was gone, nor would anyone have suffered except the unfortunate winner of the race for which it should have been awarded. Why did you come here and pursue the cup?"

"At first," he replied, "as you say, it *did* seem all right, but the unlucky part was that I won the race, and the cup was mine. They only gave me a rotten pair of sugar tongs, and as I don't take sugar they are no use. So it seemed rather hard luck on me not to have the Dewberry Cup. Williams thought so too."

"I refuse to admit Williams as an authority upon questions of this kind.'

"Then I came here and found it in a drawer and took it back."

"That was rather a high-handed proceeding on your part."

"I left four shillings all right; so it was quite honest."

"I am not so sure about that."

"Besides," he said, "I thought it was the safest thing to take the cup away from you, because you might have been put in prison, and that would have brought disgrace on our family. Kitty would have been awfully cut up, I know."

I said nothing, but I managed to conceal my smiles by knocking out the ashes of my pipe on the bars of the grate.

"My idea was," continued Peter, "to take away the cup quietly in my portmanteau, but you spoiled that by giving me back my four shillings."

"How did that interfere with so capital a plan?"

"It made me feel rather a cad, so I thought I would do the generous thing, and present you with the cup again. Then Mr. Fletcher coming to lunch put things wrong again, for I knew he would recognise the cup immediately, and have you put into prison."

"Perhaps," I said, "I could have explained the circumstances to Mr. Fletcher's satisfaction."

"Yes, you might have done that," he replied, dubiously, "but I thought I would make matters more safe by hiding the cup again, and trying you again with the four shillings. So I took it, and it is upstairs now. Shall I bring it down for you to look at?"

"For me to keep, you mean," I corrected. "It is my property, or rather my wife's. You have no legal right to buy a man's property if he does not wish to sell it, especially at your own valuation."

He looked disturbed at this aspect of the question, which was one that had not occurred to him, and he proceeded to point out that he had set his heart on having his name inscribed on a silver shield to be affixed to the stand. What could I possibly say in reply? How Peter explained the disappearance and reappearance of the Challenge Cup to his school-fellows I never found out. But I am sure his explanation was very picturesque and improbable.

When my wife came home and I told her, all she said was that it was just like Peter. So I suppose it must have been; it was certainly very unlike anyone else.

SOME HINTS ON RUGBY.

By C. B. Fry.

I.

Read books on the game. Several are excellent, but perhaps the "Badminton" football volume is the most up to date. Though by books alone you cannot become a player, yet from them, more readily than from any other source, you may acquire a knowledge of the game and an insight into its principles, without which you will never be a good player.

II.

Read not only with your eyes but with your brain. Read critically, pausing to consider the reason why of everything. Learn and digest; make the contents of the book your own.

III.

Experience is a great possession. How valued the experienced player! Yet by reading you may in a few well-spent hours obtain a reversion in full of the writer's experience gained slowly by him in many seasons of hard football.

IV.

In Rugby teams the commonest faults are want of balance and want of versatility. By want of balance is meant that the relative strength of the forwards and of the backs is not equal; consequently the team, instead of playing a strong all-round game, play either a purely forward or a purely three-quarter game.

A forward game suits a wet, muddy ground; a three-quarter game a dry, fast ground. But to be strong, a team should be able to play both games. If, at the beginning of a season, one part is weaker than the other, the former should be educated by being given chances, not starved because of its initial incapacity.

By want of versatility is meant that both the whole team and also its various parts can often follow effectively only one set of tactics. Various circumstances demand various tactics. Hence versatility is essential.

V.

The forwards are the foundation of the whole team; they bear the brunt and do the hard work. But if they regard themselves as thereby condemned to be mere drudges who do the dirty work for the three-quarters they simply lack comprehension.

VI.

The three-quarters do most of the scoring, but if they fancy the ball should be heeled out and passed to them on every possible occasion they are grievously mistaken. The credit of a try is sometimes due to the man who gets it, but generally to the work of the whole team.

VII.

A pack of forwards should be neat and compact, like hiving bees, in the scrum, and, like hiving bees, all workers—they should be quick to form and quick to break up. Unanimity, solidarity, and cohesion, followed by quick-witted disentanglement. Weight without wits is an engine derailed.

VIII.

The effective power of a pack is not the gross sum of the individual weights and strengths of its members, but the collective amount of weight and strength that can be applied in unison against the opposing forces. A straggling pack means scattered effort.

IX.

The golden rules are: Get first shove; shove low, and shove altogether. To begin late means a doubled task. To shove high means less leverage and less power applied at a less effective point.

X.

Hard, straight pushing is the basis of all sound scrumming. Wheeling is good—sometimes; heeling is good—sometimes; straight shoving is, however, the *sine quâ non*. Straight pushing pays early in the game, as, if successful, it establishes a moral superiority from the start. It is absolutely essential near your own line. And if you are winning forward, there is no better way of letting the ball out than walking straight over it.

XI.

When you carry through become mobile and progressive, with instant dash, but keep control of the ball. As to dribbling, a "Rugger" ball is oval, but just give it to a good "Soccer" man.

and see what magic there can be in a pair of feet. Not but that it does not pay on wet grounds to kick and rush—with judgment.

XII.

At all costs pick up the ball near your opponents' line—a dribble over rarely scores a try.

XIII.

The half-backs have been called "the conduit-pipe" between the scrum and the three-quarters. They are also the eyes, ears, brain, and voice of the scrum; and the eternal saving clause of every failure.

XIV.

It is their part to initiate and stop all initiation. *Bis dat, qui cito dat.* They must, when their opponents are letting out the ball, be on it as quickly as the law allows. They must be lynx-eyed, quick-witted, and undeniably determined.

XV.

There is no merit in a pass as such for its own sake. A pass is a means to an end, viz., the gaining of ground. There is a time to pass, and a time not to pass. That is where judgment comes in. It is folly to pass to no one, and it is only a degree less foolish to pass to a man worse placed than yourself.

XVI.

Halves should never be selfish. It is not selfish to stick to the ball when there is no advantage in passing.

XVII.

The three rules of throwing-in from touch are: To throw near, near your own lines; to throw far, near your opponents' lines; never to throw without first picking and then aiming at a particular recipient.

XVIII.

The three-quarters should be in magic touch with what is happening in the scrum. When their own pack is gaining or has got the ball, they should be tailed away at an angle of 45degs., so that the outside flier has a good run in which to get up his speed before receiving the pass. When the enemy is in possession, or nearly so, the three-quarters should be at right angles to the touch-line, and as near as the law allows to the opposing three-quarters. Space and pace are the watchwords of attack. Close marking is the soul of defence.

XIX.

Having four three-quarters is not necessarily playing the four-three-quarter game. If you have four three-quarters, why not—at any rate, in attacking—play the four-three-quarter game? You may lose ground four times, but you will get a solid try the fifth. To play the game correctly the wing man should be nearly twice as far behind the line of the scrum as you usually see him — anywhere except in Wales. And in the four game the three-quarters must run straight ahead—not at an angle across the ground.

XX.

The great virtue of a three-quarter is resource. There are more ways of making ground or of getting out of a difficulty than one.

XXI.

A full-back who runs with the ball when he might kick deserves to be decapitated.

C. B. Fry

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. J. Davis asks for advice on a very vexed question. His case is this:—C is the goal-keeper, B a back, A an opposing forward. C saves, throws the ball in the air; B is facing his own goal. The ball is dropping near B, between B and C. When the ball is just at B's feet A hustles him, gets the ball and scores. Is it a goal? Or should B's side have a free kick because A charged B in the back? My opinion is that if B wilfully obstructed A by turning his back to him, thus shutting him off from the ball, the goal should count. If, however, A might have reasonably edged round and attacked B from the side, a free kick should be awarded. It is a case for the referee's discretion. The rule about charging in the back works very unfairly sometimes.

As Before.—Write to W. G. Grace and say I told you to. He will tell you all about the L. C. C. C. practice, etc. Address—c/o L.C.C.C., Crystal Palace, Sydenham. A half-volley is a ball that pitches near enough to you for you to hit it just as it rises from the ground again; the ball may be either pitched up to

you, or you may make it a half-volley by running out. You should meet the ball about seven inches from the bottom of your bat.

F. G. Turvill.—Your decision was right. A man once off-side cannot get on-side again till an opposing player has touched the ball. Some players never learn this rule or understand its meaning. I have often heard first-class professionals argue as your man did.

Cricketer.—You have had very hard luck. But I am rather afraid of giving you definite advice; I might do you harm. You say your heart is weak from an attack of rheumatic fever. I should say you would do well to do a very little extension motion exercise every day—but not before you ask a doctor's opinion. I do not think batting would hurt you. You ought to begin with very short practices, then gradually increase. But you must ask a doctor.

Pougher's Admirer.—A six-ball maiden is scored thus: M

N. M. S.—The Old Fag is sorry you are so bigoted. He thinks Association as good a game as Rugby. So do I. I have played both. Have you? You do not write a very good hand, but as you like THE CAPTAIN we will say no more about it. You will see I have written a Rugby article for this number of THE CAPTAIN.

Magersfontein is twenty years of age, 5ft. 10ins. tall, and weighs 11st. He wants to know what sizes of chest, biceps, and fore-arm would be symmetrical. Well, to speak at a venture, I should say—chest deflated 37ins., inflated, 40ins.; biceps, 13½ins.; fore-arm, 12½ins. But I am not a specialist on measurements, and may be wrong.

E. H. C. wants to know whether training for cross-country runs will spoil his sprinting as a three-quarter. No, I do not think so. Such training certainly takes the edge off a sprinter's pace, and is likely to make him slow in the case of a racing sprinter. But football field sprinting is not quite the same thing as race-sprinting. Still, it would be as well not to do very heavy cross-country work. It is very easy, by the way, to overtrain for cross-country running.

C. Atkinson wants to know how to harden the toes of his football boots. I trust he has no intentions on his opponents' shins. A boot-maker would no doubt put him on toe-caps of stiff leather. But I do not see any value in hardened toes. The part of the foot to kick with is the instep.

Daisy is much thanked for her good wishes.

A. W. Johnson puts this case to me: "The ball, having hit the batsman on the leg, rolls on and removes the bails. The bowler appeals for l.b.w. (1) Is the man to be entered on the score sheet as out l.b.w. if the umpire answers the appeal in favour of the bowler? (2) Is the batsman out bowled if the umpire says not out to l.b.w.?" Yes, to both queries. If the umpire gives the man out l.b.w. what happens afterwards is immaterial—the man is out and the ball dead. If he says not out for l.b.w. the bowler could, if he liked (but as a fact would not take the trouble, as the case would be accepted as self-evident), appeal for clean bowled. That is the law and theory. But in actual practice the wicket would be broken before the umpire could say "Out" or "Not out" to the l.b.w. appeal, which he would probably disregard, as the man would manifestly be out bowled.

B. T. B.—It is impossible to answer your question. In the case of all the men you mention, the top of their bowling form does not coincide, and has not coincided with the top of their batting form. On last year's form I think perhaps Lockwood is the man. But potentially (look the word out) I think Trott is best.

G. Sergeant. — Many thanks for good wishes. I shall be glad to hear from you.

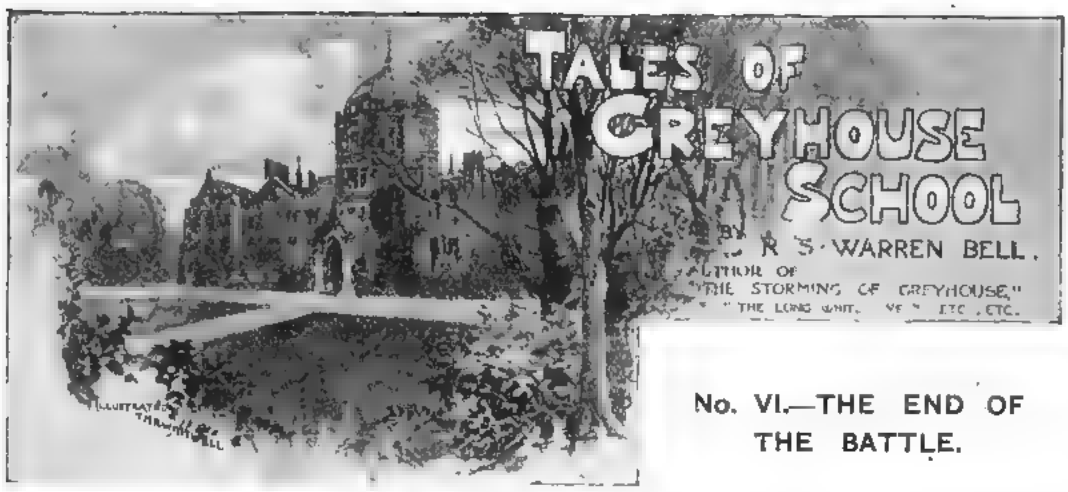
M. F. Frankenstein. —*Vide* elsewhere. Read my article in a past number on "The Contents of your Cricket-bag."

P. Q. R. — (1) Your age being fifteen, do not use dumb-bells heavier than 1lb. each. Mr. Sandow was writing about men, I fancy. In his book he explains exactly how to contract your muscles and do the exercises. Yes, keep the muscles braced. (2) The best time for exercises is before breakfast or two hours after breakfast; but any time is better than none, save immediately after a meal.

W. Hunter. — Write to them c/o. the secretaries of their county cricket clubs, whose headquarters you know.

Good Wishes. — Many thanks to the senders of seasonable cards and so on. I am sorry I am not able to acknowledge each individually.

C. B. F.



No. VI.—THE END OF THE BATTLE.

YOU must imagine, if you please, that five years have elapsed since Sir Billy and Parsnip, in trying to catch a thief, were themselves caught by him, and imprisoned for a weary period in an underground cell. The passage of five years have brought about many changes—Sir Billy, having jumped from the age of thirteen to eighteen, is now captain of the school; Parsnip is a shock-headed monster who has just managed to scrape into the Sixth; with these two are others whom we have hitherto known only as youngsters—so Time wings on his way leaving, *en route*, increase of stature and wisdom to schoolboys, grey hairs and cares to grown men, pensions and graves to the aged.

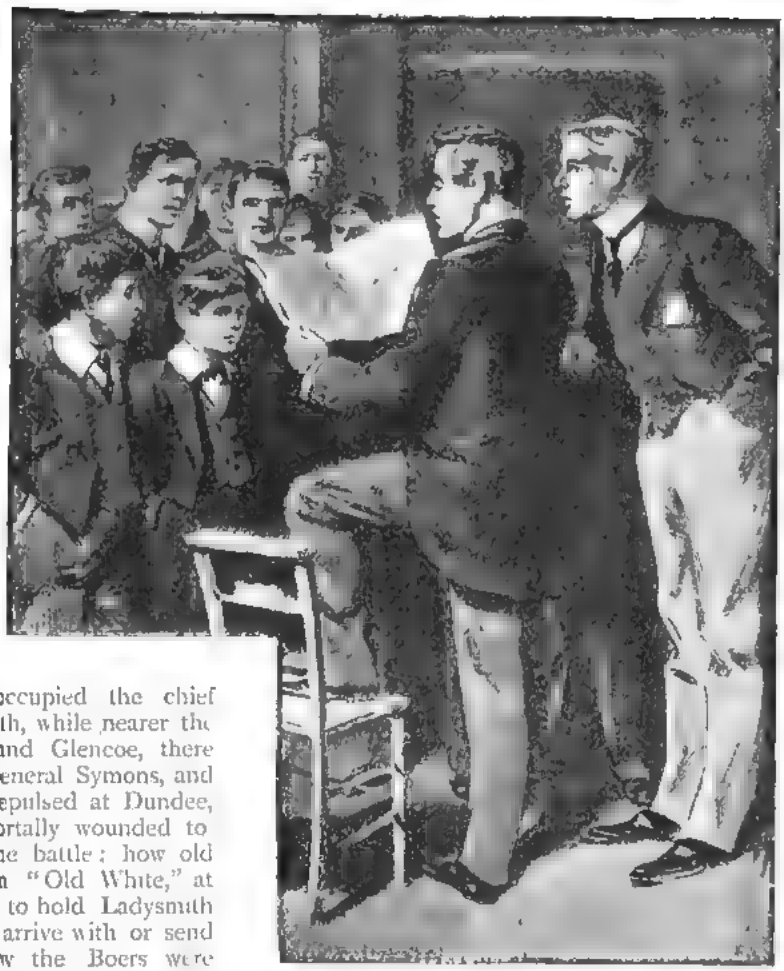
Wardour was duly given the Greyhouse scholarship and proceeded to Oxford, but after gaining a First in "Mods." he relinquished the 'Varsity and its athletic triumphs for the Army, whose sterner mixture of duty, and glory to be won, appealed to him, a soldier's son, more than hopes of "blues" and distinction on river and cinder-path could ever do. He had tasted of the latter, and had found the taste sweet enough; but the blood in his veins, descending to him through a long fighting stock, yearned for a military career and its fascinating possibilities and chances. His father's circumstances improving considerably about this time, Wardour was enabled to enter a regiment of Dragoons, and, at the time the second Boer war broke out, sailed away with eight hundred of his fellows to render assistance in the arduous task of teaching manners and fair play to Paul Kruger and Marthinus Steyn. With Wardour went five other old Greyhouse boys, one of these being no less a person than his old antagonist, Eccles.

There were six Greys, then, in this troopship alone, and the old school was well represented in others. Among the Guards, the Lancers, the K. R. R., the Manchesters, the Gordons, and, in fact, in every branch of the Service, "O. G.'s" cropped up. There were Greys in the Cape Mounted Police, and the Natal Mounted Police—now doing invaluable work as scouts, they being acquainted with the ins and outs of the countryside, and with the ways and wiles of the gentle Boer. There were Greys in command of the guns; you found 'em mending railways and patching up bridges; here, there, and everywhere in Natal were sons of that peaceful-looking mass of ivy-covered masonry which started life as a Cistercian monastery, only to develop, centuries later, into a famous public school.

With seventy or eighty old boys at the front, was it surprising that the present race of Greys took a most deep and abiding interest in the war? The conflict in Africa quite put into the shade such usually absorbing matters as the inter-house football championship, the fives championship, the big weekly debates, and the approaching Christmas exams. There was such a rush for the daily papers that, as a rule—for the mere preservation of something like order—one of the monitors took it upon himself to expound dispatches from the front for the benefit of the multitude. The most frequent reader of war news was Sir Billy—for was not his dearest friend, his king and erstwhile champion—was not Wardour at the front, fighting for the honour and glory of Old England?

Greyhouse, as I have said, followed the events of the war from the very first with feverish interest, for many had fathers and

brothers in Africa, and any day's paper might announce a "casualty" which would go home to the heart of the listening short-jacket or tail-coat. There was hardly a youngster in the First who didn't know the war's diary better even than the Gender Rhymes in his Primer. The tale of it had been told to their forms by the masters, who loved thus to break up the tedium of mathematics and classics—how the Boers, the day after the expiry of the ultimatum, invaded Natal, and simultaneously drew first blood, near Mafeking, by derailing an armoured train and capturing or killing its occupants; how Sir George White occupied the chief British position at Ladysmith, while nearer the border, between Dundee and Glencoe, there was a small force under General Symons, and how the Boer troops were repulsed at Dundee, gallant Symons being mortally wounded towards the conclusion of the battle; how old White—they all called him "Old White," at least, the boys did—had got to hold Ladysmith until "Sir Redvers" could arrive with or send a relief column; and how the Boers were peppering the English with bullets and bombarding their strongholds with shells, in hopes of forcing them to surrender before the great Buller could come to their aid.



GREYHOUSE FOLLOWED THE EVENTS OF THE WAR WITH FEVERISH INTEREST. . . . THE MOST FREQUENT READER OF WAR NEWS WAS SIR BILLY.

All this the Greys knew by heart—all these events they had discussed untiringly, in dormitory, quad, and class-room. So much they knew, and now they were waiting for more. Sir Billy opened the paper every morning with his heart in his mouth—sometimes he hardly dared to turn to the page upon which he knew the fatal list was invariably published.

Greyhouse waited—and one day came news of a great battle, of a glorious victory. And this, too, Sir Billy read out for the benefit of the multitude.

II.

It was the eve of Eland's Laagte. At daybreak, so word had been passed round, the Boers were going to have it hot.

Twelve hours since, General French had proceeded on a reconnaissance up the Newcastle road with part of his cavalry command and a battery of field artillery, what time Long Tom and Lady Anne—the latter being the sailors' nickname for our big naval gun—flung defiant shells at one another.

General French ascertained that the enemy were moving south and eastward, and then returned to camp, his day out having been enlivened with a little skirmishing, in which Kruger's men had come off second best.

So now, British and Boers were waiting for the sun.

In a little tin house a Dragoon officer, stretched flat upon the ground, was reading a book by the dim light of a lantern. There came a knock at the door. Without lifting his eyes from the book, Wardour—for

he it was—sang out, "Come in!" and a brother officer entered.

"Hullo, old chap—cramming tactics, or what?"

The visitor was Molyneux, an old Greyhouse boy.

"No—this."

Wardour held the book up. Molyneux recognised it at once.

"By Jove! You don't mean to say you've lugged that all the way here?"

The work in question was a simple little volume, penned by a wise old bishop a century or two ago, on "Duty." On leaving Greyhouse, each boy was presented with a copy of this work by the headmaster.

"It saved my left hip-bone from being smashed yesterday," said Wardour—"see?" And he showed his friend a ragged scar on the back of the volume.

"That's how a Mauser bullet treats literature. Well, what's the news?"

"It's going to be a big thing to-morrow," said Molyneux. "White says we've got to clear them out at any cost. It'll be a toughish job—smoke?"

They lit their pipes, and for some minutes there was silence.

"The old school is pretty well represented, eh?" recommenced Molyneux: "Tomlinson, Hallam, Crowe, yourself, myself, and—er—oh, of course—and Eccles."

He spoke the name with some hesitation, for it was common knowledge in the regiment that Eccles, although a grown man now, had not forgiven Wardour for thrashing him when they were boys together at Greyhouse. But there were other reasons for the widening of the breach. Wardour was the most popular subaltern in the regiment; Eccles the best-hated. You never heard a trooper utter a word—and Tommy Atkins is very outspoken concerning his superiors—against the old Greyhouse captain: Eccles, on the other hand, had earned the worst of ill-will from rank and file on account of his vindictive rule.

"And yet," said Wardour, "I believe Eccles is pretty sound at heart. It's his manner more than anything—I never knew a fellow with a more unfortunate manner."

"And his money," added Molyneux, "is a drawback. He's tremendously rich, you know, and the only son of his mother."

"Who," said Wardour, "is a widow. Hard luck on her if he goes under. Now it wouldn't matter about me—I'm one of ten."

So they chatted—but not dolefully—for they were good plucked ones, and ready for anything. By this time they were hardened to bloodshed and warfare, to the scream of shell, the rattle of shrapnel, and the bee-hum of the bullet as it whizzed by and over on its errand of destruction. Already these Greys at the front had been in a tight place or two, but they had emerged scatheless and eager for more of that hungry, miry, red-coloured picnic which goes by the name of campaigning.

The sun was rising when the British stood to arms and moved out of Ladysmith, General French having with him, in addition to the Dragoons and Lancers, one field battery, a mountain battery, various detachments of mounted volunteers, including the Imperial Light Horse, and half the Manchesters, the last named being sent forward in khaki-coloured trucks.

The volunteers opened the ball by driving in the Boer outposts at Modder's Spruit, and then the gunners began popping shells round Eland's Laagte Station. The Boers rubbed their eyes and gaped; this was a surprise morning call. As fast as their ponies' legs would carry them they were off and away to the hills, our artillery pounding them as they fled. A Boer farmer was grabbed and questioned. He admitted that his side were several thousand strong, and had three or more field guns, General Kock being in command.

The primary panic subdued, the Boers now began to retaliate, opening a hot fire with cannon, maxims, and small arms from their position at our advancing lines. Within an hour French had to withdraw his men stage by stage until he reached ground favouring a defensive fight, when the troops were halted and extended, so as to protect front and flanks.

From nine till lunch time the troops waited for reinforcements from White, and when these came the infantry—now numbering two and a-half battalions—were sent forward in widely separated skirmishing order. The colonial cavalry with the Lancers rode eastward, the Manchesters and Gordons began to scale the ridges parallel with the railway, and the Devons marched upon the low ground bordering the east side of the line, supported by a field battery. The Dragoons, with some guns and volunteers, moved off farther left across the railway. Thus the British force advanced like one man with firm rhythm and swing, not a whit disturbed or dismayed by the rifle fire which spluttered out along the whole length of the Boer entrenchments.

Lieutenant Eccles was cantering along on his black charger when he felt a touch on his elbow. He looked round.

"Well?" he demanded, shortly, as he

observed that Wardour was keeping stride for stride with him.

They never spoke except on regimental matters which made intercourse necessary.

"I say, old chap, you won't mind shaking hands? It's a toss-up whether either of us will come out of this alive."

The pace had quickened, and Eccles was a little ahead of his old school-fellow.

Wardour used his spurs and swung over to him in his frank way.

"I SAY, OLD CHAP, YOU WON'T MIND SHAKING HANDS? IT'S A TOSS UP WHETHER EITHER OF US WILL COME OUT OF THIS ALIVE."

"Shake—old man."

A bullet grazed Eccles' sword-belt, and a man behind fell with a sob, shot through the heart, his horse tearing riderless over the veldt in the direction of the camp.

Eccles hesitated, and then he too leaned over towards the other.

"Yes, I'll shake hands."

It was a slight, a momentary action; nobody noticed it, but one of them was destined to remember it all his life.

By four o'clock the fight was raging from end to end of our lines. The roar of cannon was strangely intermingled with the thunder of the heavens, for a storm was raging furiously, the rain falling down impartially on Britisher and Boer. Mr. Atkins meant to get even with Kruger's men, and so he went up the ridges in dauntless style, the Boers skipping from cover to cover like so many big buck-rabbits.

Officers and men were falling fast on our side; yells and moans, cheers and prayers, supplied a human *obligato* to the din raised by the thunder above and in front. Up the ridges went Mr. Atkins; nothing stopped him. Up, up, and still up! The Boers pluckily struggled to maintain their ground, but our troops swept on. The bayonets gleamed brightly in the flash of lightning and rifle fire.

The cavalry had been biding their time, and at last it came. As the Manchesters and Gordons surmounted the topmost ridge and sent the Boers helter-skelter down the slope beyond, scampering for dear life, the Dragoons and Lancers rode into Kruger's men like demons, thrusting, hacking, and cutting, and giving treachery its due reward.

"*Bravo, Greyhouse!*"

Eccles, plunging along with his bull-dog jaw set in the old Rugby manner when he dashed along the touch-line, glanced round to find that Wardour was again close up with him.

They raced on together, while bullets whistled round them, for even now the Boer officers were rallying their men and firing a few last despairing volleys at the advancing cavalry.

Rather ahead of the main body, Wardour and Eccles dashed round a thicket and came upon a group of tents.

As they rode forward a gigantic Boer arose in their path, and waved a white flag.

"Hold on; he gives in," shouted Eccles.

Hardly had he spoken when a volley fired

THE RIFLE WAS AT THE BOER'S SHOULDER, AND HIS FINGER ON THE TRIGGER, WHEN WARDOUR LEAPT BODILY OUT OF THE SADDLE ON TO THE FARMER.

from a distance mortally wounded Wardour's horse.

Thus encouraged, the Boer who had flung his arms up seized his gun and took deliberate aim at Eccles.

But, in its agony, Wardour's horse had leapt forward to within striking distance of the man, causing Wardour to drop his sword in his endeavours to keep the animal on its legs.

The rifle was at the Boer's shoulder, and his finger was on the trigger when Wardour leapt bodily out of the saddle on to the farmer. Simultaneously, the rifle went off, but the bullet did not travel beyond Wardour.

As Eccles reined up, the Boer sprang up and shook Wardour off, the old Grey falling like a lump of lead. But Eccles was too quick; his sword flashed through the air, and the Boer fell, never to rise again.

Eccles dismounted and raised Wardour from the ground.

"Hurt much, old chap?"

But a glance showed him all. The bullet which was meant for him had been intercepted by his old foe.

Wardour was dead.

As Eccles knelt by him, memories of the past surged up. This was the man for whom he had borne the most bitter hatred ever since he left Greyhouse. This was the man who had died that another might live. "But we shook hands," he murmured. "I am glad we shook hands."

And Eccles left the field a changed man.

III.

And Sir Billy read an account of the battle to the assembled multitude in the library—every word until he came to the place where the fatal list was published. Each time of reading, his eye had sought this column with a certain foreboding; to-day one glance was enough. He handed the paper to Parsnip, who was lounging near, and as he left the library he heard Parsnip plunging through the "casualties." But even Parsnip stopped reading, with a painful catch in his breath, on reaching that name.

THIS WAS THE MAN WHO HAD DIED THAT ANOTHER MIGHT LIVE.

Sir Billy stole away to his study and locked himself in. The 9.15 bell for morning school rang out loudly, but Sir Billy did not heed it. The Head was taking the Sixth that morning, and he noticed that the captain of the school was absent from his place.

"Where is Travers?" he asked, rather sharply. The Sixth looked at each other, but no one said anything.

"He is not late as a rule," added the Head, who was a stickler for punctuality, and enforced his rule on the point among the great as well as the small.

At last Parsnip got up. Time had only

cemented the friendship of these two—Parsnip, the giant, having an immense admiration for his chum's brains, while Sir Billy was a constant friend, because that was his nature.

"Travers is a bit upset, sir, I think," he stammered clumsily.

"No bad news, I hope?" returned the Head.

"He and Wardour were great friends," explained Parsnip.

"Wardour—Wardour," said the Head, reflectively; "ah, yes—he was captain when I first came here. I remember him well. He interrupted a very promising career at Oxford in order to enter the Army. I was sorry he did so. I suppose he is in South Africa now?"

"He is in the list of the 'killed' in to-day's paper, sir," said Parsnip, as he sat down.

"Dear me, I am very sorry to hear it, very sorry. He was a fine fellow. What a sad business this war is!"

And then the lesson started, and the Head made no further reference to Sir Billy's absence.

Meanwhile Sir Billy was sitting at his table — staring at a battered Greyhouse cap, green with age, bearing upon its brow the Greyhouse badge, a golden lion. This had been Wardour's cap, and he had laughingly handed it over to his young charge at the end of his last term.

SIR BILLY WAS STARING AT A BATTERED GREYHOUSE CAP, GREEN WITH AGE. THIS HAD BEEN WARDOUR'S.

"Here, Billy," he had said in his off-hand way, "a little keepsake for you. I've no mater, or I'd give it to her."

It was a present, carelessly made in big school-boy fashion, but Sir Billy had treasured the old green cap all these years Had not Wardour been his champion when he was a poor little kid, chucked mercilessly into the rough ocean of public school life? What would he have been without Wardour? That occasional kindly word, that encouraging pat on the head—these had been of inestimable aid to him in fighting *his* little battle, in helping him to assert himself among his fellows, to hold his own, and to go upwards and onwards until he found himself occupying the position which Wardour had held with such honour five years ago!

Now Wardour was dead! The merry, hearty laugh would never again fill all hearers with its infectious wholesomeness; the strong, firm hand would never grip another's in that way which inspired such a sense of confidence; the honest eyes were closed for ever and ever. Wardour was dead!

Sir Billy went and fetched the paper, and hurriedly locked himself in his study again.

Once more he read the tale of the battle—the story of Wardour's heroism—how he had preserved another's life; how, at the end of the fight, he had fallen. His gallantry had been witnessed by others, and was duly recorded.

Through a thick mist Sir Billy read the story, and then he laid the paper down, and rose from his chair.

Mechanically he put the old green capaway, and turned towards the door. What would Wardour do if he had received news of his greatest friend's death?

Sir Billy answered the self-put question without hesitation:—"*He would play the man.*"

So Billy brushed the tears from his eyes, and squared his shoulders, and then, proceeding to his class-room, he entered with a steady step and quietly took his seat at the head of the Sixth.

R. S. Warren Bell

CONJURING for LIFE

An Adventure in the FIJI ISLANDS.

By Alfred T. Story.

Illustrated by G. M. Dodshon.

Lapwing had been knocking about the Pacific for the best part of a year in search of spermaceti; she had had fair luck, and Captain Anderson found his tanks so well filled that he had decided to make for home. One thing was necessary, however, before setting out on the long voyage round the Horn, and that was to fill the water casks, which were now well-nigh empty. They accordingly made for one of the islands of the Fiji group, and having dropped anchor in a convenient roadstead, a boat's crew was sent ashore to look for water.

There were five of them altogether, including the mate and an apprentice named George Carbery, but known on board simply as "Jud."

Jud was about fifteen years of age, and this was his first voyage. Up to a little over a year ago he had never seen anything more ship-like than a canal barge, and if anyone had told him that he would one day be picking a bone with cannibals he would have treated them to a very contemptuous grin.

For at that time Jud was doing the Midlands with his father in a "caravan," Carbery senior being nothing more nor less than a showman who went from fair to fair, using his wits to the best advantage to procure a livelihood for himself, his wife, and the boy. He was a man of many parts, and turned his hand now to one thing and now to another. But he did best of all at conjuring, in which he was an adept.

Jud was born on the roadside, and he may be said to have known no other home than the van in which they travelled from place to place. From babyhood he had grown up among showmen, gipsies, and all the Ishmaelitish tribe that haunt fairs and markets, and he seemed predestined to follow the life to the end—probably would have done, but for the fact that his father was taken suddenly ill at Eyam Wakes, and died in a couple of days. His mother, tired of the road, sold the horse and van, and went to live with relations in London. Almost immediately after their arrival an opportunity offered for Jud to go for a sailor, and he jumped at the chance.

When he joined the *Lapwing*, in Millwall Dock, George Carbery was a little yellow-haired, blue-eyed lad, almost as broad as he was long, as the sailors used to say, but very quick on the feet, and with the nimblest of nimble figures. His father had taught him to dance, to sing, to tumble, and to do all sorts of conjuring tricks, and the training had made him as quick as a weazel.

But these were not his only or his best qualities; for he proved himself a quiet, willing, and attentive lad, and soon became a favourite with everybody on board—and none the less so because, by his conjuring and other tricks, he often helped his shipmates to wile away a

pleasant hour. It should be added that during the thirteen or fourteen months that had elapsed since the *Lapwing* left London, Jud had shot up several inches, and he was now slim and tall rather than fat, very strong, and as tough as whipcord.

When landed with the others on the watering expedition, young Carbery had on his shirt and trousers only, with a pair of canvas slippers, and a red cotton handkerchief tied about his head to protect it from the sun.

An oldish man, named Mackay, was left with the boat, while the others made almost a bee-line inland. They had gone on in a leisurely manner for about an hour, stopping to knock down and eat cocoanuts as they went. Finally they came to a thick grove of trees in a slight hollow. Here they thought they would surely find water, and being thirsty, they pushed forward in a body.

THE NATIVES SEIZED HOLD OF THEM BY THE ARMS, INVITING THEM TO JOIN IN THEIR FEAST.

Having seen no signs of natives, they had concluded that the island was uninhabited; and it may be imagined how surprised they were to find themselves confronted by a group of savages. "Big George," the mate, and a seaman named Bernstein made a move to retreat; but they were too late. The natives, who were seated in a circle, feasting, had seen them, and immediately jumped to their feet, and ran and seized hold of them by the arms, inviting them to join them in their feast. Big George made signs to the effect that they were not hungry, that they wanted water, and must get back to their ship.

The natives, however, would not hear of their going away without partaking of the feast. They seemed good-humoured enough; but the least show of resistance caused them to uncover their teeth in a most vicious manner.

It was decided, therefore, to humour them. They were seated in the midst of the others, and given some of the meat, which they had roasted in holes in the ground. It was still hot and had an appetising flavour. Bernstein and the third man, Wright, ate some and seemed to enjoy it. Carbery was not in the least hungry; but he took up a little bone and picked at it to please his hosts. But, looking over towards the mate, who was seated opposite to him, he saw that he had suddenly gone ghastly pale. From Big George's face Jud's eyes dropped to the leaf that served him as plate, and perceived what the mate's looks meant. It contained portions of a human hand, and by the same token Jud knew that he had been picking a finger.

The mate gave him a sign that he was to keep this discovery to himself, and he made as though he saw nothing. Any more nibbling on his titbit, however, was out of the question.

One of the natives, seeing this, said in broken English, "You chap no eat. You no hab Nenglizh ship plenty man glub. Jor wag you."

Carbery understood the fellow's drift if none of the others did; but, as he afterwards confessed, he could not have "jor-wag'd" any more if it had been for very life.

It was a perfect nightmare of a meal, and not one of the seamen knew how they got through it. They watched, hoping that an opportunity might present itself for sneaking off. But their savage hosts eyed them like lynxes, and were on the alert, ready to jump to their spears, if they so much as stirred.

The boy Jud whispered to the mate under his breath: "Dad, he had a show of wild men wunst; but it warn't a patch on this!"

Big George bade him be quiet. "If we keep still perhaps they'll go to sleep, an' we can get away," said he.

Jud accordingly kept very quiet. But there was no sleepiness apparent in the savages. When they had gorged to repletion, they rose and began to dance. They went at it by twos and fours, grunting and slapping themselves in a sort of rhythmic measure, then, when they were puffed, squatting down again, and allowing others to take up the jig.

This went on for an interminable while; for no sooner had the whole dozen or fifteen of them gone through the performance by couples and quartets than the first lot were fresh again. Jud thought it would go on for ever, or, at least, until they were ready for another feast—"which may be me," he reflected.

Danger sharpened his wits, and he whispered to Big George: "I think I can do these chaps if you will only play up to me."

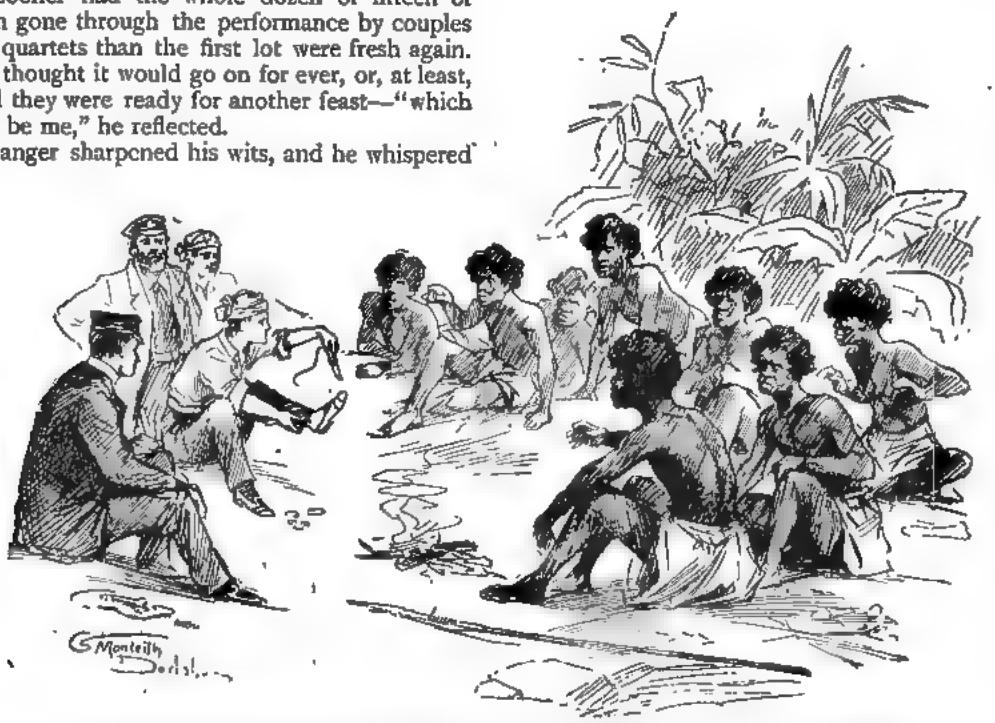
"We'll do that quick enough," said the mate. "What are you going to do?"

"You'll see," Jud replied. At the same time he took some coppers from his pocket and began to throw them into his mouth and swallow them. A ball of twine followed the coins, and then his pocket-knife. The latter required some hard pushing down his throat, but he got it down at last.

At first the savages, intent on their dancing, did not notice these performances. But one fellow, who was lying on his stomach, supporting his chin on his hands, suddenly became intent upon them, giving a grunt of satisfaction or surprise as each article disappeared. Finally, when the knife was gulped down he called the attention of several others, and began to explain to them what the youth had done.

All were now eager to watch, and Jud juggled them to their hearts' content, bringing the articles he had swallowed from the toe of one of his canvas shoes, then beginning afresh with some other sleight-of-hand necromancy.

Every one of the natives was now squatting on his hams watching the boy conjuror, who went from trick to trick with the ease of an Egyptian Hall adept, gaining more and more confidence as he perceived with what intentness the cannibals followed his movements. There was a mixture of wonder and amusement on their faces. Sometimes they broke into a laugh and chatted and gesticulated to each other like children. At other times they seemed on the verge of terror.



THE CANNIBALS WATCHED THE BOY CONJUROR, SOMETIMES WITH AMUSEMENT, AND AT OTHER TIMES ON THE VERGE OF TERROR.

The man who knew a bit of "Nenglizh" tried to interpret to his companions; for Jud kept up a ceaseless patter, and now and then he caught a word or two which hit his sense.

Finally, when the lad had fully got their

minds, he exclaimed: "Now I'll show you something. I'll shew you how trees grow!"

He stepped to a flowering shrub near by and broke off a tiny twig, with a few buds on it. Then, having shown it round, he dug up some

Having covered it up again, he cried out, rubbing his hands and looking round with a gleeful countenance: "You shall see! You cannibal chaps shall see!"

He now eyed critically the semicircle of on-

"YOU SHALL SEE! YOU CANNIBAL CHAPS SHALL SEE!"

mould with his knife, made a little heap, and stuck the twig in it.

He then got Big George to lend him his coat —a long, loose thing, made of brown holland— and spread it carefully over the little branch, explaining by tongue and gesture that in a few minutes they would see it grow big.

Happening now to see a cocoanut shell with some water in it near at hand, he ran and fetched it, and then, lifting the corner of the coat, so that all could see what he did, he "degged" the little plant, as they say in Lancashire.

lookers. His shipmates were in front; he bade them go behind, so that the natives might see the fun; seizing, as he spoke, the hats of Wright and Bernstein, and throwing them down where they were to sit. Then he laid hold of the mate's, whispering him as he did so: "Clear, when I tip you the wink!"

This done, and the savages brought into line in a half circle, Jud knelt down and uncovered the twig.

It had grown several inches.

The natives were all eyes. Their grunts and nods expressed their surprise.

The boy put a drop more water upon the plant, covered it again, and then, bending his forehead to the ground, he began to mumble something, as though he were repeating an incantation.

Barely had he started, however, ere he was up again, gesticulating to the natives and making signs to them that they must do as he did. To the man who understood "Nenglizh" he explained as well as he could that the incantation would not work as it ought unless they did like him.

Every forehead thereupon went down to the ground, and the mumbling that every mother's son of them broke into was a joy to Jud's heart.

Presently he again uncovered the plant before their eyes, and lo! it had grown nearly a foot, and the buds that were on it had burst into flower!

The natives laughed and slapped their legs and breasts in token of surprise and delight.

"Shall I make it grow bigger?" Jud cried. "Shall I make it grow this high?" raising his hand to the height of his chin.

They indicated their desire that he should.

"All right!" he said. Then he put a drop more water to the plant, and was about to cover it up once more, when with a sudden change of expression, he exclaimed:—

"Would you rather — instead of seeing the twig grow bigger — would you not rather see me change myself into a little bow-wow?"

He signified what he meant by putting his hands to the sides of his head like ears and pretending to shrink very small, at the same time giving a little "yap-yap" like a very small dog.

Jud was an excellent mimic.

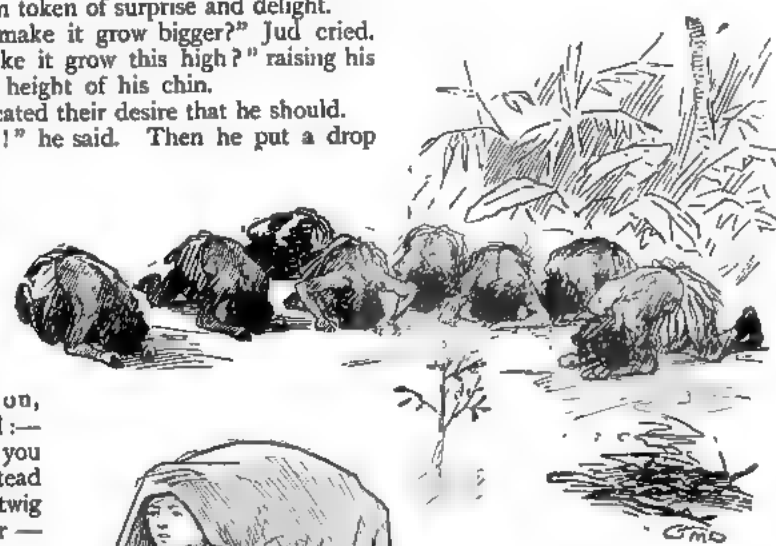
The natives were delighted, and gave little grunts and laughs expressive of their desire to see him changed into a dog.

"All right, then!" said he. "You shall see me turn into a little bow-wow with four legs."

Then he explained to them that when he crawled under the coat they were to put their foreheads to the ground and do as before, that is, mumble an incantation. The experiment, he made them understand, depended on their continuing to do that until they heard a bark. Then they were to jump up and remove the coat, and they would find him changed into a little dog.

"This," he continued, when the interpreter had turned his explanation into Fiji—"this"—taking the red cotton handkerchief from his head—"will be the little dog's tail."

As he slipped the handkerchief from his head he managed, unobserved by the natives, whose eyes were rivetted upon what he was doing, to give Big George the wink to "clear."



JUD CREPT FROM UNDER THE COAT AND MADE FOR THE NEAREST BUSHES.

Everything now turned on Jud's being able to keep the eyes of the dozen natives fixed upon himself for the next few minutes. He felt his heart go thump, thump against his ribs, and his mouth became hot and dry. He wanted to take a drink, but dared not for fear of breaking the spell. He feared even to look to see if his mates were going, but kept his eyes fixed upon the handkerchief, which he twisted up tightly like a rope. This he did with great deliberation, keeping up a mumbled patter the while. Then he tied a knot on one end and slipped the other end through his belt, pushing it behind him.

"Now," said he, "we are ready."

For the first time since he had given the sign he looked up and saw that his mates had gone. While he was mumbling over his tail something like a cold shudder had gone to his heart. Now

he felt the blood mount to his temples, while the sweat dropped from his brow. So far his ruse had succeeded. A few minutes more, and his mates would be beyond pursuit. But what about himself?

A fit of trembling came over him, and for an instant he was conscious of a feeling of giddiness, but quick as thought he was himself again. Whereupon, dropping to the ground, he pushed his legs half-way under the mate's coat. He nodded to the natives in sign that it was time to begin.

Immediately every head was bent down to the ground, and every mouth began their idiotic mumble.

Jud crept under the coat and listened. The mumbling went on. He carefully lifted one corner of the coat and looked out. Every head was to the ground.

Now was his time—now, or never. Twilight was beginning to creep over the scene, and the dusk in those latitudes is very short. A little less light and he might not be able to find his way back to the boat.

One more look, with a beating heart, to see that they were still under his spell, and then, on all fours, like the dog he was to be reduced to, Jud crept from under the coat made for the nearest bushes with the noiselessness of a cat; and then, no longer as a quadruped, but erect, and with the spirit and go of an antelope, he put all the lightning of his soul into his feet and sped for the boat.

Half-way there, he ran up against Big George, almost knocking him over.

"Thank God you're safe, my lad! It didn't seem right to leave you behind, and so I thought I'd wait a bit," said he.

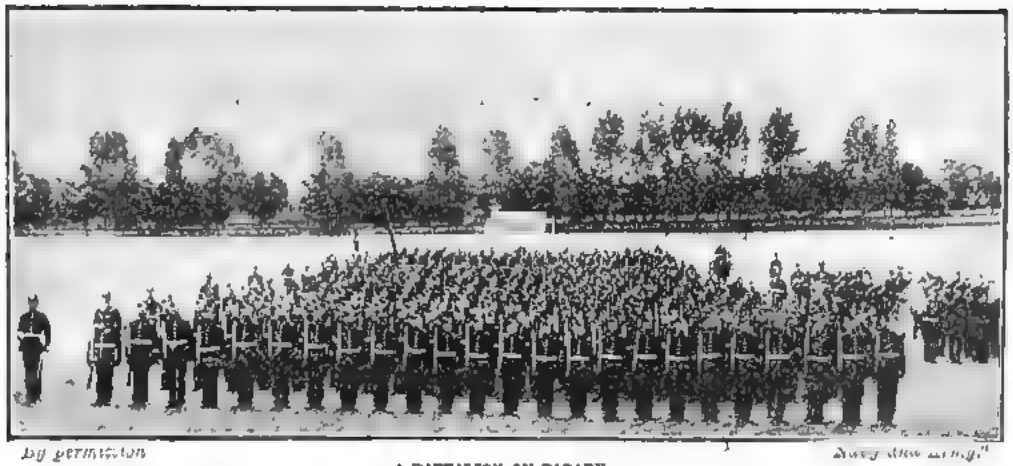
"The others?" gasped Jud.

"They're all right by this time. You're pumped."

"Nearly. But come along; no time to lose."

They set off at a brisk trot and soon covered the distance to the boat. But as Jud was putting his foot over the side to step in he fell backwards. Big George caught him, lifted him into the boat, and they pushed off.

The boy was in a swoon. The men pulled with a will, and they soon had him on board the ship, where he was not long in coming round. His first words were: "Did you see anything of the niggers?" And when the mate told him they had not, Jud laughed and said, "I wonder how long the Johnnies will stop with their heads to the ground waiting to hear me bark?"



A BATTALION ON PARADE.

WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

IX.—HOW TO BECOME A SOLDIER.

ALMOST every boy who is worth his salt desires, at some time or other, to be a soldier or sailor. It is quite right that he should. To have no martial enthusiasm in one's youth argues an anæmic constitution. The full-blooded, high-spirited scapegrace, who is always ready for "a scrap," is of the stuff of which soldiers are made. It is born in him. He can no more help it than he can help the colour of his hair. As he grows older his enthusiasm may be toned down, may be overlaid by a number of other qualities, but it is always there, ready to be quickened by a touch. Appeal to his patriotism, his honour, his chivalry, his pride, and he is up and ready in a moment, willing to give his last drop of blood for the sake of the cause.

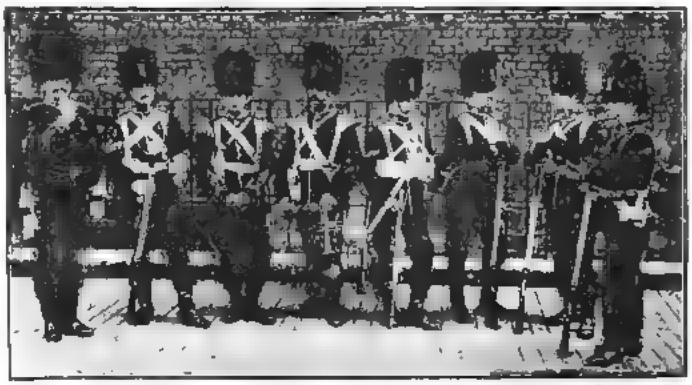
The war has afforded striking proof of this fact. Among those who hurried off to Cape-town as soon as war was declared were hundreds of young Englishmen who were not sent out by anyone, and who were not attached to any regiment. They could not keep away. Most of them were young men, bearing distinguished names, carrying themselves at once like dandies and like athletes. All went out on the chance of doing a little fighting and "seeing the fun."

Of course, the Army is a very different profession from what it was fifty years ago, when commissions were purchased and promotion was impossible without influential friends. Body and brains both count now, and the system that prevails aims at procuring only "the fittest" for service as officers in Her Majesty's Army. No boy must think of trying for a commission unless his health is good, and his body free from any physical defect. No boy has any chance of obtaining a commission unless, in addition to this, he has more than average abilities. There is also a third consideration. Examinations cannot be gone through without the aid of coaches and cramm... That means expense. There are several public schools which take the boy of fifteen into an army class and pass him successfully through the Entrance Examination to Sandhurst. The average boy, however, will not get through without the crammer's aid, which will cost anything up to £500. Expenses at Sandhurst will amount to about £150 a year, while outfit, uniform, books, etc., will account for something like another £200. So that the newly-joined subaltern has cost his father, as a rule, about £1,000 since he left school. Of course, if the boy be the son of an officer, or if he possesses brilliant powers, it may be done for less, but this question of cost should always be taken into consideration at the outset.

Fifteen is the age when a boy should make up his mind about becoming a soldier. If he exhibits any hesitancy about the subject, or seems inclined to prefer any other career, it may be taken for granted that the Army is not his vocation, and he had much better be allowed to choose some other profession.

But, given the right boy, and the determina-

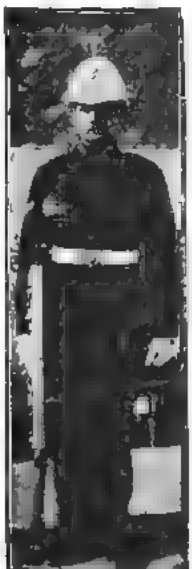
tion of his parents to make him a soldier, the course of procedure should be as follows:—First of all, have him thoroughly examined by a good doctor. The regulations state that a candidate for a commission in Her Majesty's Army must be, at the age of sixteen, at least 5ft. 4ins. in height, without shoes, 120lbs. in weight, and measure 33ins. round the chest. At eighteen (the limit of admission for Woolwich) he must be at least 5ft. 5ins. and 130 lbs. in weight. At nineteen (the limit of age at Sandhurst) he must be 5ft. 5ins. in height, and 132lbs. in weight. Eyesight must be perfect. The suspicion of a squint, or slight colour-blindness, are absolute disqualifications.



By permission "*Navy and Army.*"

GROUP, 3RD VOL. BATT. ROYAL FUSILIERS.

The doctor's examination proving satisfactory, the next matter to be considered is the intellectual qualification of the boy. The best thing that the parent can do is to go and see the boy's school-master. If he has been doing well at school, let him enter the special military class (if there be one at his school) and go up for his examination straight from there. But if the boy be at all backward, the only thing for him is to go to a good coach, or to one of the many excellent cramming institutions that are so successful in getting candidates through the tricky examinations. Of course, care must be taken in the selection of coach or crammer. If any readers of THE CAPTAIN desire advice on the subject I shall be pleased to give it to them privately by letter, and to recommend to them various coaches and establishments which I know to be thoroughly trustworthy.



A CORPORAL —VICTORIAN ENGINEERS.

Admission to the Army is obtained through the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, for commissions in the cavalry and infantry; through the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, for commissions in the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers; and ("by the backdoor," as it is called), through the Militia, for all departments of the Service.

In order to enter Sandhurst two examinations have to be passed—the Preliminary and the Further. The Preliminary may be passed at any time over the age of fifteen. The Preliminary Examinations are held in March, June, September, and December. A fee of £1 has to be paid, and all applications must be sent to the Civil Service Commissioners Victoria Street, S.W. The successful candidate will then go up for the Further Examination, which takes place in April and October, and for which the fee is £2 if examined in London, £3 elsewhere.

For the first examination any number of trials is allowed, but for the second three only. The same regulations are observed in entering Woolwich, but the Preliminary may be passed at fourteen.

The obligatory subjects of the Army Entrance Examination are:—

(1) Mathematics.—

(*a*) *Arithmetic*, including vulgar and decimal fractions, proportion, and simple interest.

(*b*) *Algebra*, up to binomial theorem.

(*c*) *Euclid*, Books I. to IV., and Book VI.

(*d*) Plane Trigonometry.

And, for candidates for Woolwich only—

(*e*) *Statics*—elementary.

(*f*) *Dynamics*—elementary.

(2) Latin.—Passages from given authors. Translations unseen. Knowledge of Roman History.

(3) French or German.—Translations and unseen.

(4) English Composition.—Special stress is laid upon good English. Large deductions of marks are made in all subjects for faults of writing and spelling.

(5) Geometrical Drawing.

The optional subjects, any two of which may be taken, are higher mathematics, Greek, English History, chemistry or physics, geography and freehand drawing.

The length of the course at Sandhurst is eighteen months, and, at Woolwich, two years. The fees for the sons of officers range from £20 to £80 a year, and are regulated by the position held by the father as an officer of the Regular Forces, Militia, Yeomanry, Volunteers, or the Navy. The expenses for the sons of civilians would be £150 per annum. In addition to the above fees, a sum of £35 has to be paid on entering, for uniform, books, etc.

When a commission has been obtained, the subaltern cannot be considered self-supporting unless he at once goes upon foreign service. The amount of allowance required for a young officer varies according to the regiment which he joins. It is practically impossible for a subaltern, remaining in England, to live upon his pay. An Infantry subaltern receives 5s. 3d. a day, and out of that he has, as a rule, to pay 5s. a day for mess expenses.

By permission SCENE IN CAMP. *"Navy and Army."*

Parents who cannot afford to make their sons a good allowance should take the greatest care in the selection of a regiment for their sons. They would do well to write to the colonel of the regiment chosen, who would give full particulars as to income necessary for a young officer to maintain his position. A subaltern in a Line regiment should have an allowance of at least £100 per annum, and, in Cavalry regiments, an allowance of £250 a year, and upwards, is necessary.

Nothing is more galling and humiliating for a young man than to belong to a regiment whose officers are all well-to-do, while he himself is hampered by a lack of funds; debt is almost certain to be the result.

The commencing pay in the Royal Horse Artillery is 7s. 6d. a day; in the Cavalry 6s. 8d.; the Garrison Artillery, and in the Royal Engineers, 6s. 8d.; and in the Infantry, 5s. 3d.

For a poor man the West India Regiment has several advantages in respect of pay and "leave." India offers great inducements to the man of small means, and when an officer manages to enter the Indian Staff Corps his position in life and good pay are assured.

In the Royal Engineers, too, it is possible for a man to live on his pay. There are plenty of good appointments, both at home and abroad, which are reserved for men of the R.E. But, of course, a man needs to have exceptional ability to obtain one.

And now for the "back-door" method, about which so many inquiries constantly reach me. Subalterns of Militia may obtain commissions in the Army by passing an examination, the subjects of which are the same as for entrance to Sandhurst. There is also an exam. in military subjects, including Fortification, Military Law, Military Topography and Tactics.

The examinations are held in April and November. The fee in London is £2, and at other centres £3. Militia candidates must have the approval and recommendation of the commanding officer, and must also have fulfilled the following conditions:—

(1) Served two yearly trainings with the Militia regiment to which they belong, and have passed the examination, and obtained the certificate required of a subaltern officer before the end of the second training after appointment.

(2) Completed a service of fifteen months in the regiment to which they belong by the 15th January and 15th July for the March and September examinations respectively.

(3) If more than twenty-two years old, must have served three annual trainings with their regiment, and have obtained the certificate named in (1) before the end of the third training.

A Militia candidate for a commission in the Royal Artillery must be a subaltern of Militia Artillery, and must have passed the School of Instruction at Woolwich, and obtained the necessary certificate.

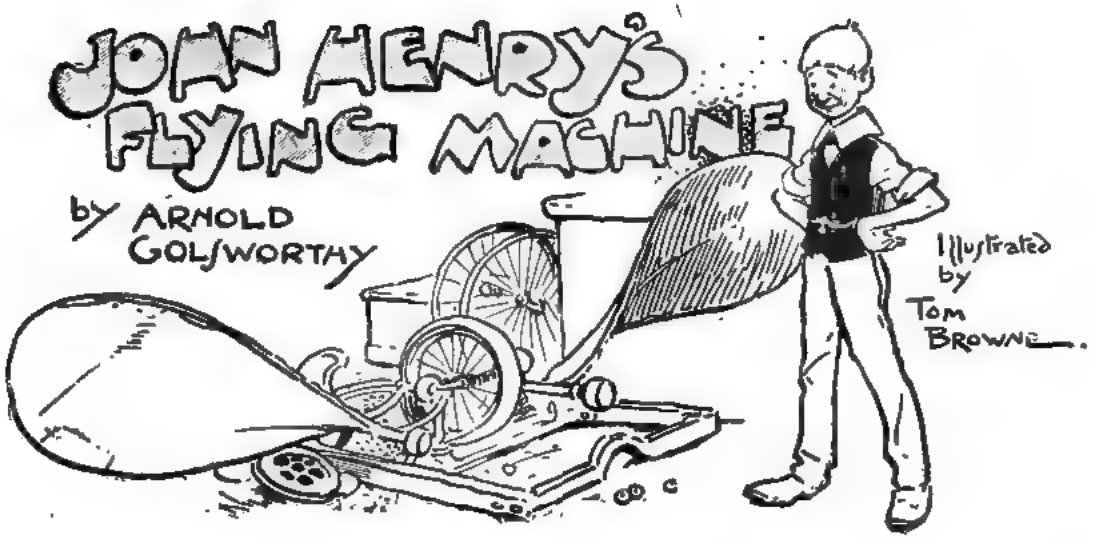
Of course, it is possible to work up from the ranks to a commission in the Army. A youth who has had a good general education, and who has the strength of will and the moral fibre to keep straight and do his duty faithfully and fearlessly, has a good chance of promotion. In fact, the man who goes into the Army with a right good will and a determination to do his best, can be sure of success.

A. E. Manning Foster.

JOHN HENRY'S FLYING MACHINE

by ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

Illustrated by TOM BROWNE.



MASTER JOHN HENRY MELVILLE was undoubtedly a boy with a strong bent for mechanics. Like most boys, he acquired at a very early age a particular admiration for steam engines; but as he grew older, he did not give up, as so many boys do, the steam-engine for the cricket-bat. At the age of seven he was the proud possessor of a toy engine that ran round the room by means of real steam generated by a spirit lamp glued on to the exterior. The initial cost of the engine was only a few shillings, but after a series of minor accidents and explosions, involving new furniture and windows for the house and medical attendance for John Henry, his father thought the toy was too expensive, and gave him a clockwork mouse to play with instead.

John Henry took to that clockwork mouse at once, and very soon had begun to lavish upon it all the tenderness and affection of his simple boyish heart. At first he treated it as a lonely, orphaned creature that stood in need of consolation and companionship. He built a little cage for it out of an empty soap-box; and never went to bed until he had first seen that his mouse was comfortably cradled in its cage on a couch of cotton wool and flannel fragments. After a while, however, John Henry began to regard his mouse as a natural phenomenon that it was his duty, in the interests of science, to dissect and investigate. He therefore made a large incision in the animal's chest with the point of a pair of scissors, and listened with the unspeakable joy of the enthusiast in search of new facts, when a sudden outbreak of whizzing and whirring told him that he had struck a vital spot first time. John Henry lived on that mouse, so to speak, for the best part of a year. That is to say, its internal machinery held out long enough to satisfy his appetite for mechanics for the time being. He would arrange the springs and cog-wheels first one way and then another, till he had practically exhausted every combination they were capable of, from a clockwork cart to a spring gun that shot dried peas at the new baby, causing it to undergo a good deal of mental worry and excitement.

As John Henry grew older, his mechanical genius attracted the notice of his parents. Mr. Melville, his father, bought the boy an outfit of tools and appliances, and fitted up a little workshop alongside the pony-stable, so that John Henry could carve and hammer and rasp as much as he wanted to without giving the rest of the family a yellow and permanent headache. When he was only twelve years old he made a windmill with a circular saw attachment, and succeeded in sawing a large piece out of the gardener's hand while he was showing the old man what the machinery was good for. As, however, the gardener could chip himself about quite as successfully at a much smaller cost and with far less trouble, he did not feel like congratulating John Henry on his brilliant success.

When John Henry was fourteen, he produced a little work of art that would have been quite a triumph in its way if it had been allowed to finish its growth unmolested. Out of a heap of lumber he built a cosy little chair that could be turned into a baby's cradle by simply holding it down and pressing a spring. It was made partly of wood and partly of metal, and he had got so far

with it that the sections were all glued together and were drying with an enthusiastic industry all by themselves in the workshop.

It happened that John Henry's grandfather, who was not an enthusiast on anything in particular except afternoon naps and the dinner hour, was on a visit to the family that day; and during the boy's absence from the workshop, the old gentleman strolled in there, and saw the patent convertible chair. He did not know that the article was only, as you might say, in its boyhood, and that its muscle and sinew would not be fully developed till the glue in its joints had done drying and hardening. Even if the chair had been in a fit state of health to bear its share of life's burdens, it is very doubtful whether John Henry had constructed it stoutly enough to be available for the use of grown-up people; but the one thing certain was that in its raw and undeveloped state, it was quite unequal to bearing the weight of a sixteen-stone paternal grandparent.

PRACTICALLY WRAPPED UP IN A COLLECTION OF IRON HOOPS AND WOODEN BARS.

The old gentleman, however, knew nothing of the chair's delicate state of health. He was not aware that in sitting upon it he would be placing an intolerable burden upon the weak and helpless. He only knew that he felt tired, and that John Henry was a good boy to have placed a chair like that in his workshop, so that his poor old grandfather could rest for a few moments while he looked about him and admired his grandson's taste and ingenuity. And with a pleasant smile, and a kindly feeling at his heart for the human race generally, the old gentleman heaved a sigh of relief and sank into the chair.

The next moment the workshop was busy echoing and re-echoing a series of pitiful wails and yowls. The first person to catch the sound of the trouble was the gardener, who at once rushed to the workshop to discover the cause of the grief and mourning. He found old Mr. Melville lying on the floor, and practically wrapped up in a collection of iron hoops and wooden bars, while an arrangement of springs and cog-wheels had fastened on to his back and seemed to be trying to absorb him into the mechanical part of the structure. The gardener had to walk round the old gentleman twice before he could make up his mind where to begin on the combination; but even then the victim had got so intricately mixed up with the machinery that it was a hopeless task for an unskilled operator to attempt to sort out the *débris* in a way that would give satisfaction to all concerned. Old Mr. Melville seemed to have positively grown into the chair, and he had to endure his trouble a little longer, while the gardener went to find Master John Henry, and to invite him to come and deal with the problem personally. Finally, old Mr. Melville had to be partly sawn and partly filed out of his predicament, and as he stood up and picked pieces of half-glued wood and scraps of mainspring from his clothes, he coldly but firmly expressed his conviction that John Henry was born to be hanged.

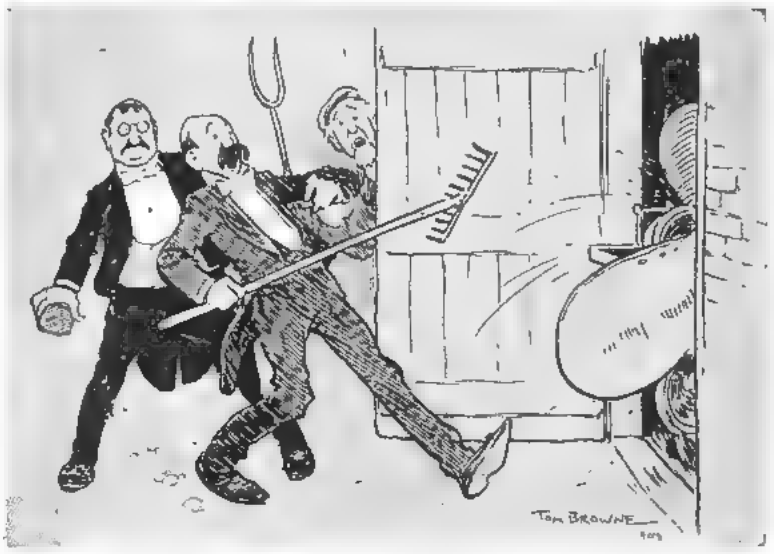
But it was not until John Henry had turned sixteen that he scored his greatest triumph as an amateur engineer. He had become fascinated by the possibilities of the flying machine, and after he had diligently read up the subject, and had ascertained how it was that all the other inventors had missed fire, he resolved to take the matter in hand himself. He was not a boastful boy, and he did not brag of what he was going to do; but he just sat down quietly to work at it, quite satisfied that in a short time he would be in a position to put a flying machine on the market, and probably to receive orders for his goods from schools and families. He could not find that the principle of clockwork had ever been applied to aërial navigation, and it was on that principle that he, so to speak, staked his little pile. After all, to a boy who could disintegrate a clockwork mouse, and convert its internals into a self-firing spring gun, nothing could be declared absolutely impossible.

John Henry was hampered a little by the expense of his undertaking; but a boy of his ingenuity could naturally rise superior to mere money. All the shillings he had in his money-box he spent on steel springs, ratchet wheels, and other mechanical freaks, which, in spite of their hard names, were cheap enough to be within the means of a school-boy's pocket-money. The greater part of his raw material, however, he secured practically gratis. The more solid framework of his machine was supplied by means of an old "grandfather's clock," an out-of-date bicycle, and the framework of an iron bedstead that had lain forgotten for years in the lumber room.

Naturally, it took John Henry a long time to complete his work. I dare say you have never made a flying machine; but if you sit down now and begin, you will find it will be quite a considerable while before you can get it to fly nicely. In principle the machine was very simple. It consisted of two large, ribbed flappers mortised on to a flanged socket, and worked by a hair-spring from the crank-axle, which revolved around a concentric slide-valve and gripped the man-hole on the bed-plate, so that the lubricator—er, where was I? Oh, yes. As I said, that is just what was the matter. I have given these details in full, so that those of you who are not practical engineers may see at a glance the kind of wild thing that John Henry was recklessly prepared to turn loose on an unprotected market.

John Henry put the finishing touches to his masterpiece one joyous afternoon in spring. It was a fine-looking object, measuring 6ft. from one wing-tip to the other, and it could be wound-up to fly for twelve hours right off. Unfortunately, however, it is easier to wind-up a flyer for a twelve-hour stretch than to make it actually fly for twelve seconds. John Henry noticed that himself. After he had wound his machine up, and had satisfied himself that no one was looking on, he carried his machine out on to the lawn and pushed it along a little, just to give it a start. Beyond, however, a slight quiver of suppressed excitement that ran along its back-bone, the machine was entirely unresponsive to John Henry's efforts. Not only did it refuse to soar heavenwards, but it would not even get up off the grass and flap itself. It was clear to John Henry that he had slipped a cog somewhere; but he was satisfied that he would be able to remedy the defect in due course. For the moment, however, he could not attend to the matter, as he had arranged to go out to tea that afternoon. He, therefore, lifted the machine up tenderly and placed it in his workshop, designing to have another go at it on the morrow.

Just as it was growing dusk, the cook rushed into the dining-room in a state of great excitement to say that there were goings on out in the garden that were positively awful. Something had got into Master John Henry's workshop and was banging the place about to such an extent that the pony in the stable adjoining had got badly frightened and had started an industrious effort to kick down one of the sides of his residence with the evident conviction that it was no place for him. Mr. Melville was entertaining a friend who was a candidate for Parliament, and naturally he did not care about being disturbed.



MR. MELVILLE CAUGHT UP A RAKE, THE CANDIDATE FOR PARLIAMENT HELPED HIMSELF TO A PIECE OF BRICK FROM THE ROCKERY.

He addressed the cook in severe terms for her ridiculous nonsense, and then, accompanied by his friend, went out into the garden to see what the trouble was.

Mr. Melville had to confess, when he listened at the door of the workshop, that he didn't half like it. Something inside there was wheezing and coughing tremendously, and seemed to be trying to beat the door down in order to get out.

He had not been informed of the existence of the flying machine, as John Henry wanted it to come as a surprise. And, to tell the truth, it came that way exactly. The candidate for Parliament had an idea that the creature inside the shop would be cowed at the sound of the voice of a man of his greatness. He therefore rapped at the door and told it to lie down. The machine, however, didn't cow any, and it didn't lie down. It just coughed like a hoarse dog on a moonlight night, and bumped itself against the door more violently than ever.

It became evident that the company would have to adopt stern measures. Consequently the gardener armed himself with a pitchfork, Mr. Melville caught up a rake, the candidate for Parliament helped himself to a piece of dislocated brick from the rockery, and the female servants locked themselves in the kitchen, trustfully hoping that by this timely precaution their lives would be spared to them. Then the gardener scientifically flung open the workshop door in such a way that he could hide behind it as it swung back, and in the dim twilight John Henry's flying machine bounded joyfully out on the lawn, and began to plough up the turf with its rapidly beating wings.

At the first surprise Mr. Melville and his guest darted in a great hurry behind the stable, where, when they met, Mr. Melville pretended he had come to find the garden shears and the candidate for Parliament affected to have gone in search of a stout stick. Meanwhile, the flying machine, humming contentedly to itself, was steadily ploughing its way down the lawn, leaving a double rut behind it where its wings had slashed into the new spring turf. As it reached the end of the lawn, one of the wings seemed to have got caught, and the machine rolled over on to the tulip bed, and whacked about with its available wing till it had jagged an expensive display of floriculture into mere stringy pulp.

It hurt Mr. Melville's feelings a good deal to see his beautiful garden being rooted up in this regardless way by a total stranger, but he did not quite see how he was going to stop it. The machine looked like a large bat of the vampire type; and when you are preparing for a tussle with a fighter of that kind, a garden rake is not a particularly offensive weapon. Presently it had flapped itself close up to the fence, and as it had the appearance of trying to run away, the gardener felt courageous and crept cautiously after it, Mr. Melville and his distinguished guest, with vague doubts as to the habits of vampires when brought to bay, following at a distance. They could hear it throbbing violently and wheezing as if affected by some painful internal complaint; and meanwhile the gardener had got close up to it and was preparing to harpoon it with his pitchfork. At that moment, however, something slipped in the mechanism, and the machine sank down in a heap. It looked to the gardener as if it were crouching for a spring, and he prudently stepped back a little to give it a clear run. But it didn't spring. It just nestled up against the fence, beating its wings furiously, the damaged wing having apparently recovered the use of itself as soon as the road had been cleared. Then a happy thought occurred to the candidate for Parliament. Observing that vampires could be easily lamed under proper treatment, he picked up a large stone and threw it with all his force at the machine, and then he stood behind Mr. Melville and said they could at least sell their lives as dearly as possible. It did not seem at first, however, that the machine was likely to create any demand for the goods. The stone missed it by a clear yard, and the machine apparently declined to take any notice of such frivolous tactics. Then the gardener picked up a piece of rockery and heaved it. This time the missile caught

MR. MELVILLE SAID THEY COULD AT LEAST SELL THEIR LIVES AS DEARLY AS POSSIBLE.

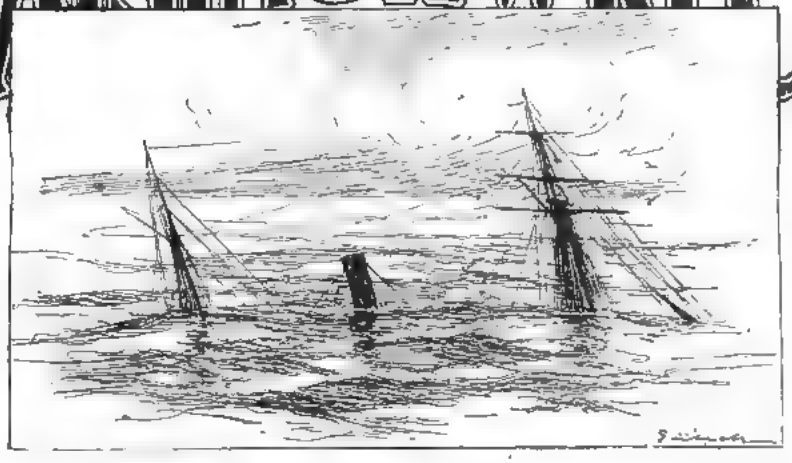
the machine amidships, or thereabouts, and must have hit it in a tolerably vital spot. It gave a great sob and whirled round, and as it did so its pursuers backed promptly. Still flapping it huge wings the machine began to whirr ominously, as if to hint that on any further provocation it would as soon go for the whole crowd as not. After it had ripped around a little more, and had given no sign of being about to emerge from its corner, the gardener and Mr. Melville and the candidate for Parliament took a large stone each and fired together. One of the stones hit the machine squarely, the second struck the fence a severe blow, and the third could not be traced. As, however, there was a crashing sound of broken glass about that time, and it subsequently transpired that a pane of the greenhouse had been hopelessly shattered, it looked as if one of the three was a mighty poor thrower.

The stone that hit the machine seemed to have caused it a good deal of discomfort. Its wings stopped flapping and it staggered and fell; and then it began to steadily cough up cog-wheels and scraps of mainspring for nearly a minute. Encouraged by the signs of victory, the gardener charged at it blindly, and finding that it did not get up and charge back, he allowed his excitement to run away with him. He beat the poor wounded thing to fragments, and then jumped on the pieces, while Mr. Melville and his guest, wiping the cold perspiration from their brows, congratulated each other on their providential escape from a blood-thirsty vampire.

When it finally dawned on the fighters that they had been wrestling with a weird combination of iron bedstead and bicycle wheels, they threw down their weapons with a sad, dreary smile, and drifted back thoughtfully to the dining-room. And the next day Master John Henry was sent to boarding-school.

RAISING A WRECK

WITH SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON THE SPOT.



ANCHOR LINER "UTOPIA," SUNK IN THE BAY OF GIBRALTAR.

On a black and stormy night, some nine years ago, Her Majesty's armour-clad warship *Anson* came into collision with the Anchor liner *Utopia* in the Bay of Gibraltar, the latter vessel passing too close to the warship's bows, and receiving her ram almost amidships. Nearly one thousand persons, including many Italian emigrants, were on the *Utopia* at the time of the disaster, and of these some six hundred met their deaths. The remainder owed their rescue to the prompt devotion of the crews of the ships of the Mediterranean squadron fortunately near.

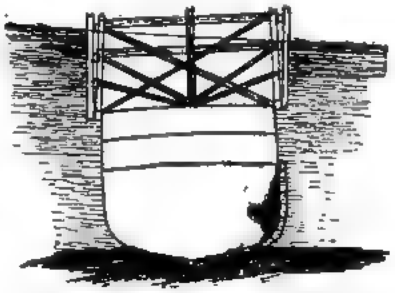
The *Utopia* was struck rather aft of amidships, and consequently sank stern first, as shown in the accompanying illustration, sketched by an eye-witness. She remained in this position for a very few minutes after the collision, and then sank entirely with her six hundred.

The morning of the next day broke on a serene calm, and the masts and funnel of the *Utopia*

were all that could be seen of that vessel above the water of the Bay of Gibraltar.

Divers descended, and the greater number of the dead bodies were recovered and buried ashore. It was then discovered that the ship lay in full 56ft. of water at stern, and in 43ft. at bows, and the problem of raising her began to be considered. Many schemes and suggestions were submitted to the owners, and a famous continental salvage company offered to undertake the work. Ultimately, the matter was placed in the hands of Mr. Thomas Napier Armit, manager of the East Coast Salvage Company, of Leith, a salvage engineer with a reputation at the time second to none, and now considerably enhanced by his perfect success in this case. Mr. Armit performed the entire business in two months. Here was his plan :—

BROADSIDE VIEW OF THE SUPERSTRUCTURE BUILT ABOVE THE BULWARKS OF THE SHIP, SO AS TO RISE ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE WATER.



SECTION OF SS. "UTOPIA," SHOWING HOLE MADE BY H.M.S. "ANSON."

A great superstructure was erected upon the hull of the sunken ship in a manner clearly shown in the accompanying sketches. Practically speaking, a false bulwark was built above the bulwarks of the ship, so high as to rise above the surface of the water. This, of course, had to be strongly and scientifically stayed, to resist the sea-currents and the wind. The broadside view gives an idea of this superstructure seen sideways (as well as of the position of the hole made by the *Anson*), and the section clearly explains the system of internal struts and shores. The method of attaching this superstructure was new, simple, quick, and ingenious, rendering unnecessary all boring and drilling by the divers. In the case of the *Austral*—an Orient liner which sank in Sydney Harbour and was raised in this manner—boring and drilling was avoided by taking advantage of the side-light holes to fix the first of the raising framework. This, however, was a far more laborious and clumsy expedient than that here adopted, in which the gunwale logs—as the foundation timbers of the superstructure were called—having been lowered into position, were *clamped* to the vessel's bulwarks with just such clamps—much larger and stouter, of course—as are used by joiners. Thus a little screwing up was all the work necessary for the divers in fixing the gunwale logs.

From a Photograph.

VIEW ON DECK FORWARD, SHOWING HOW THE SUPERSTRUCTURE WAS BUILT.

The superstructure itself

had been planned and prepared by Mr. Armit, at Glasgow, in ten days, and this without a sight of the wreck, and entirely upon telegraphic information. The strain imposed upon this superstructure during its erection by the various sea-currents and the strong south-westerly winds setting directly into the bay, may readily be imagined. It is sufficiently wonderful that such strains should be resisted by the completed fabric, but that they should do no damage to it while in an incomplete and, so to speak, tentative state, is wonderful indeed.

Next, the great breach made by the ram of the *Anson* had to be dealt with. This was an appalling hole, 26ft. long by 15ft. wide, torn through iron plates, frames, parts of the engines, and a transverse iron bulkhead—and all without the slightest damage to the ram which caused it! Truly a great illustration of the power of the ram, that old weapon of our fathers, the Vikings, now made modern.

The lower edge of this great breach was in 52ft. of water, and the divers set to work to cover up the hole with oak planks secured with screw bolts. This they did so efficiently that the patch was not only perfectly water-tight for the remainder of the time spent in the operations, but was left without docking or any further attention during the voyage to the Clyde ship-building yard!

The sides of the great superstructure, it must be understood, were covered with vertical oak planks 6ins. thick. These were now covered with canvas to prevent leakage, and the actual raising was ready to begin.

Now, consider the position of affairs. Here was the vessel, sunk, in the lowest part, in nearly 57ft. of water, and with a slight list (of twenty degrees) to one side. The breach in her hull had been stopped, and a great temporary bulwark, 24ft. high at stern, and 13ft. high at the bow, had been erected upon her, thus making the hull so much higher, and bringing the level of the scaffolding and false deck above the water. Upon this superstructure pumps were erected, capable of pumping seventy tons a minute.

All being ready, the water was pumped out of the area enclosed by the ship and its superstructure, and cast over into the sea. This was begun at seven in the morning and the pumps had been going fully an hour before any movement was observable. The morning was a fine one, and the bay was crowded by all sorts of craft filled with sightseers, crowds of whom also occupied every available view-point on shore. When, soon after eight o'clock, it was seen that the vessel had righted from her list, and that her masts were upright once more, much enthusiasm was manifested. Then, after some 3,500 tons displacement had been effected by the pumps, the ship, with its great superstructure, slowly began to rise.

The stern lifted first, and by ten o'clock was 9ft. above the water. Then the bows began to

From a THE STERN BUILDING. *Photograph.*

rise, being slowly dragged from the soft bottom in which they were imbedded. Now, as the water left the interior, and, with the rise of the vessel, the decks became visible from the scaffolding, the ship was slowly towed in toward the shore.

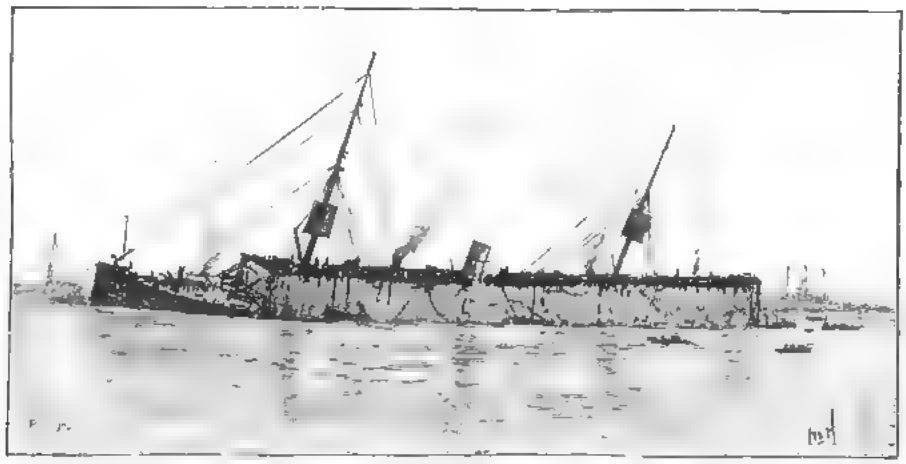
At eleven o'clock a strong wind sprang up, and pumping had to be suspended for awhile. It was resumed, however, and by the end of the day the *Utopia* had been raised from a depth of 57ft. of water to one of 36ft. only.

After this the superstructure (which was 310ft. long) was taken down, and the pumps were transferred to the deck. A photograph, which we reproduce, well depicts a scene on the deck at this stage of the operations, a winch and cable-chain clogged with weed and rust, and the temporary structure in course of taking down.

With the pumps on the deck, then, the *Utopia* was entirely pumped out, and was towed into shallow water and beached on a suitable shoal for clearing out. The decks, and such of the inside of the vessel as was visible from them, presented an extraordinary and weird spectacle. It was at first impossible to descend into the lower parts, where lay many dead bodies, on account of the deadly gas generated by these and the decomposed cargo. To get rid of this, water was again admitted, and the interior thoroughly flushed out. Then the dead bodies and the putrid cargo were removed—a dangerous as well as an unutterably repulsive task.

The last piece of the superstructure taken down was that about the stern; the highest and strongest built of the whole erection. A photograph representing this portion just before removal gives a good idea of the general construction of this great *caisson*—for that is what it practically was. The upright timbers were half-checked oak planks, and were 7ins. thick—as against the 6ins. employed on the rest of the construction. They were joined by horizontal angle-iron framings shaped to the vessel's stern. The foot of the planking was stepped into a gutter-way of double angle-irons, shaped to the taffrail. From the height of this planking the eye may judge the depth below the surface to which the deck sank.

So was raised the *Utopia*—a wreck recovered probably in the shortest time and with the least expense on record for a vessel of her size.



TOWING THE WRECK INTO DRY DOCK.

THE NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.—VI.

By W. W. Mayland.

Illustrated from Photographs by Alfred Johnson.

THE DOCTOR EXAMINING MY TONGUE WITH A POWERFUL MICROSCOPE.

That ducking I got when I fell out of the toy yacht into the bath made me feel very queer, and they called a doctor in to see me. In the course of his visit he insulted me greatly by examining my tongue with a powerful microscope. When I asked him what ailed me, he replied: "Severe diminutiveness, with catarrh of increasion." On my requesting him to explain more lucidly, he replied: "*Growing pains!*" I think he was right there—I seemed to be always either growing up or growing down. I found life very wobbly, I assure you.

When he was gone I climbed on to the dressing-table, and surveyed myself in the looking-glass. "A very nice-looking young fellow," said I. "Little, but good—that's evident." Just then I tripped over a pair of nail-scissors, and fell whack into a razor-case that held me comfortably. The only thing which disputed this home with me was the razor, and as it was sharper than I was, I had to go.

They had made up a sort of bed for me in the spare room, and when

SURVEYED MYSELF IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

MYSELF (SMALL SIZE) JEERED AT MYSELF (LARGE SIZE)

I retired for the night, in a tiny suit of pyjamas my little sister had made for me, I fell a-dreaming.

I dreamt that myself (large size) was chasing myself (small size) through the fields, and I further dreamt that myself (large size) fell with a crash just as I had made a grab at myself (small size), with the result that myself (small size) jeered at myself (large size).

Further, I dreamt that myself (large size)

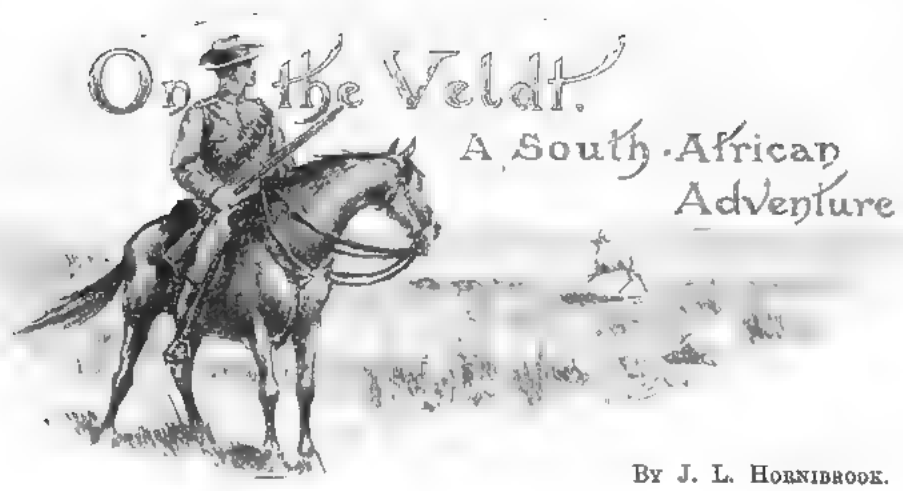
I HAD COME BACK TO MY NORMAL SIZE

had a friendly chat with myself (small size) on the utter ridiculousness of spending an existence which was half huge and half acorn-like. I remember asking myself whether I found it "cold up there," and I remember replying that it was very cold, and I also remember my small

I REMEMBER ASKING MYSELF WHETHER I FOUND IT "COLD UP THERE"

self chuckling my big self in an impudent manner. After this exchange of pleasantries I distinctly remember waking up and trying to discover whether it really *was* a dream or not. Anyhow, I found that I had come back to my normal size.

THE END.



By J. L. Hornibrook.

Illustrated by H. E. Butler.

I WAS alone on the veldt.

Around me, as far as the eye could reach, it stretched away in great, hummocky swells, oppressive in its vast solitude and death-like silence. Occasionally, off in the purple distance towards the skyline, a springbok raised its graceful head, stared back in my direction for a moment, then gathered up its slim forelegs, and bounded away out of sight.

Beyond that, there was no sign of life upon this immense, rolling expanse.

To me, fresh from the busy scenes and bustling life in London town, it brought a queer, other-world sort of feeling to find myself in this trackless waste, where everything was so strange to my eyes.

I had come out from the Old Country to join an uncle of mine, who had a farm somewhere to the north of the Vaal River. Owing to failing health, he wished to have some member of his own family near him, and had pitched upon me. And so, one fine morning, I had exchanged the conventional frock-coat and top hat of the city for a Cape outfit—which, if the truth must be told, was very much more to my taste—took leave of my kindred and friends, and started for South Africa.

It was getting on towards evening when I struck the Vaal River, and inquired my way of a surly Free State Boer, whom I found out-spanned beside the stream. The drift, he told me, was impassable, owing to the heavy rains which had fallen recently. It appeared that he himself was waiting for the waters to run off a bit, and offered to afford me the shelter of his wagon for the night.

All the time we were talking he kept eyeing me in a cool and calculating manner, as if he were reckoning up what I ought to be worth in the aggregate—horse, saddle, rifle, clothing, and whatever valuables I might happen to have about me.

I did not altogether like his look, and determined to run the risk of attempting to cross the swollen drift, rather than trust to the tender mercies of this ill-favoured dopper.

When I got fairly into the current, I found that he was right regarding the depth of the water. It quickly rose to my legs, then to my saddle-flaps, and soon surged over my horse's back. Finally, I felt the animal lose its footing, and commence to swim for it. I headed him upstream, lifting myself out of the saddle so as to ease the weight upon his back.

I had got about two-thirds of the way across, and was still battling with the swirl of the current, when I suddenly felt as if my neck had been seared with a red-hot iron, and a bullet sang past me. I whisked round in the saddle, and there, stretched full-length upon the bank, with the smoke still oozing from the barrel of his rifle, was the Free State Boer.

I spurred on my struggling horse—for I saw that the rascally Dutchman was about to shove another cartridge into his breech, with the object of doing a little "sniping"—and was soon out of the flood. I only waited to shake my fist at my friend on the opposite bank before galloping off and leaving him to his own reflections.

THERE, THE SMOKE STILL OOZING FROM THE BARREL OF HIS RIFLE, WAS THE FREE STATE BOER.

An hour's brisk riding brought me within sight of Bronkers Springs, as my uncle's farm was called. The first view I had of it was from the top of a kopje, which I had climbed in order to spy out the country before me, and take my bearings. I cannot say that I was much impressed by the appearance of the place.

It lay exposed on the open plain a couple of miles away, which at this point was as flat as a pancake. The house itself was nothing to boast of. A few sheds with corrugated iron roofs lay scattered around it; and that was all.

But it was not so much the barren look of the place, or the entire absence of anything in the shape of a tree, that gave me such a chill, lonesome sort of feeling. It was the utter lack of life, the air of desolation which seemed to brood over that isolated homestead. No cheering curl of smoke came from the solitary chimney; nothing moved; not a single living creature, much less a human being, could I see anywhere.

It was with an uneasy doubt, a kind of vague foreboding, that I rode towards that silent dwelling. As I approached it, I became aware that it was not altogether so deserted as I had imagined. There was a man standing at the door, with his shoulder to one of the side-posts, sucking a black, stubby clay pipe.

But I had not lighted upon the owner of Bronkers Springs. This was a very different type of man indeed. My uncle, according to the latest photograph I had seen of him, was somewhat shrunken in face and figure, with a longish beard, and the look of one who had gone through a lot of suffering.

The man before me was as robust and burly as a trooper of the Life Guards; and, strange to say, had something of the same cut about him too. His face was clean-shaven, with the exception of a short, soldier-like moustache; his strong, regular features were deeply tanned, and he looked as if such a thing as a pain or an ache had never fastened upon him in his life. Altogether, a self-centred, resolute, and somewhat aggressive-looking individual, in dealing with whom a stranger might do well to think twice before he ventured to bandy words.

"Hey!" he said, as I rode up, running his eye over me in a careless but rather critical manner, "you've had a bit of a soaking, comrade."

"The drift was swollen when I rode through it," I answered.

He looked at me more observantly, as if his interest was suddenly awakened.

"And who might you be seeking here?" he asked, as if he were lord and master of Bronkers Springs himself.

"My uncle—Mr. Robert Delmage," I said.

"Your uncle?" he exclaimed, with a strange inflection on the words.

"Yes," I replied. "Is he at home?"

"Oh, no!"

"Where is he, then?"

"Out on the veldt there," he said, with a jerk of his head in the direction.

"When will he be back?"

"He won't be back at all."

"Won't be back!" I cried. "Why not?"

"Because," he returned, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and stowing it away in his pocket, "we buried him a fortnight ago."

I was struck dumb by this announcement, and the singular way in which it was put. Not that it was said in a heartless or unfeeling tone, merely with a soldierly brusqueness, just in keeping with the appearance of the man. But it was none the

less a blow to me; a shock that quite staggered me for a moment.

"Is he dead, then?" I asked, scarcely conscious of what I said.

"Ay, dead," returned my companion, in the same matter-of-fact tone.

A chill went to my heart. Poor uncle Bob! I had looked forward to seeing him so much; I had counted upon being a help and a comfort to him in his declining years. And now—now—to find that he was gone; to think of him lying out there on the lonely veldt!

The stranger must have noticed what a cruel blow it was to me, for he came across to the spot where I stood, downcast and sorrowful, by the side of my weary horse.

"Come, come," he said, in his bluff, hearty way, "'it was to be, and it is'—as our friends the Dutch say. No use being cut up about it, we must take things as we find them in this world."

It was said with some show of rough kindness, but it grated upon me nevertheless. Indeed, the man seemed somehow to rub me up the wrong way.

"You had best come away home with me, and I'll put you up for the night," he went on. "You can't stay here, you know; there isn't a thing in the place. My name's Grendon—Max Grendon, late sergeant of the B. B. P."—from which I gathered that he had served in the Bechuanaland Border Police.

I agreed to accompany him; indeed, there was nothing else for it. One glance around that woful place, which the gloom of evening made appear all the more deserted and lonesome, was enough to fill me with a horror of spending the night there alone.

Grendon locked the door of the house, dropped the key into his pocket, and fetched his big black horse from one of the sheds. Just as he was mounting he noticed the smear of blood upon my neck, where the Boer bullet had ripped the skin, and questioned me about it.

I told him how I had come by the scratch, and my adventure at the drift seemed to occasion him some merriment. He gave out a boisterous laugh as he swung himself into the saddle.

"That would be old Piet Becker, of Bultfontein, most likely," he said. "I know him, the rascal! Thinks he has a perfect right to pot every *rooinek* that happens to come along—same as he would a springbok. No doubt he considered that the Lord had delivered you into his hands as a lawful spoil."

As we rode away across the veldt, I questioned him about my uncle.

"His affairs were in a bad way—a very bad way" he said. "Couldn't be much worse, in fact. You see, when he fell into ill-health, everything went to the mischief on the farm. I did all I could for the poor fellow—helped him at a pinch, lent him money to tide over his difficulties—but he never got out of the mire. I don't believe he had a shilling to his name when he died."

This gloomy account was not calculated to raise my spirits, which were depressed enough already, Heaven knows!

"The moment he breathed his last," my companion went on, "the rascally Kaffirs scooted with everything they could lay their hands upon. The house was fairly stripped when I happened to come over one morning, and found my poor friend lying dead. Since then I have kept an eye on the place."

"And the farm?" I asked.

"The farm," he said, raising his saddle-flap to hitch up the girth, "is mine. It's just this way, youngster. I lent your uncle a good deal of money from time to time, which he was never able to repay. It kept mounting up until it reached a tidy amount—about as much as the whole property was worth. Before he died, as he could see no way of clearing off the debt, he made the place over to me, lock, stock, and barrel. I've got the transfer at home."

It only needed this to bring me down to the dead level of misery. Here was I, cast adrift upon the world when I looked for a comfortable home, with very little money, without a friend to stand by me, and a stranger in a strange land.

"Come, come; don't be cast down, my lad," said Grendon. "You can stay with me as long as you like; and if you take kindly to the life out here, I may be able to do something for you. We go in for raising ostriches at my place, and have some rattling fine birds."

It was after dark when we reached his farm, for it lay five miles to the north of Bronkers Springs. The house, from what I could see of it, was a more comfortable and home-like place. The lights that glowed in the windows, the barking of dogs, and the general stir that took place as we rode up, cheered my heart a bit.

I was far too spent and done up to go into business matters with Grendon that night, though he said there was much to talk over and arrange. Next morning, as soon as we had finished breakfast, I proposed to ride over to Bronkers Springs in order to have a look round the place. My companion wouldn't hear of it, however.

When I showed a disposition to press the point, he let me see for the first time that he had a remarkably quick and rough temper, and was a man who could brook no opposition. Indeed, I couldn't well make him out that morning. Though he still appeared desirous that I should avail myself of his

IT WAS AFTER DARK WHEN WE REACHED HIS FARM.

hospitality, he evidently did not want to lose sight of me, and, on one pretence or another, kept me at his side almost the entire day. I found this restraint a trifle irksome, though I thought it better to put up with it, for he was the sort of man one doesn't like to rouse.

In the afternoon, while we were riding round the place, he suddenly proposed that we should visit the ostrich enclosures, which lay about a mile or two away from the house. I fell in with the proposal readily enough, little dreaming of what it would lead to.

When we reached the place I found a few huts scattered about there, but the Kaffirs who usually occupied them appeared to be absent. The ostrich runs consisted of great patches of the veldt enclosed with barbed wire fences, where the birds were pent up in batches according to age.

We wandered through one enclosure after another. I duly admired the sedate mothers, the fluffy chicks, eternally nibbling at the short grass, and the fine troop of young, but full-grown birds. It would have been more interesting, I thought, if I had had anyone to explain the different stages of their development, and to enlighten me regarding the plucking. But I could scarcely get a word out of Grendon; he was strangely silent, and appeared much disposed to sulk.

As we were coming away we passed a stone kraal, the walls of which were about ten feet high, and then my companion seemed to wake up a bit.

"By the way," he said, moving towards the door which led to this enclosure, "there's something in here that you might like to see."

"What is it?" I asked.

"A magnificent cock ostrich—the monarch of the stud. Stands a good eight feet from the ground, and carries himself like a king. He is fond of making little excursions on his own account, so we have to shut him up in this kraal."

He opened the door as he spoke, and made way for me to enter. I stepped inside and looked around me.

The bird, truly a magnificent specimen, was stationed at the further end; his long, slender neck and small head poised in the air.

"That's what I call a beauty, now," said Grendon from behind me. "Take a stroll round him, and you'll see his points better. I'll be after you in a moment."

I strolled across the enclosure, towards the kingly and solitary occupant. As I did so, the ostrich turned his head sharply from side to side, and scanned me warily with one eye after another. Then, before I was quite aware of what he was up to, he began to waltz towards me in a most extraordinary and comical manner. It was really ludicrous to see this huge and gorgeous creature making such a guy of himself.

Somehow, I didn't altogether like the look of it, though, for he came on as if he had some wicked design of his own in view. I determined to beat a hasty retreat, and promptly swung round upon my heel.

Good Heavens! what was the meaning of this? Grendon had disappeared—whipped out of the enclosure while my back was turned—and had shut me in!

A patter and whizz behind me brought my head round again with a jerk. For one half-second I stood there, paralysed—transfixed. The ostrich, with outstretched neck, beak agape, and ruffled feathers, was charging down upon me with the speed of an express!

THE BRUTE SHOT RIGHT OVER ME.

There was no time to avoid that mad rush. All I could do was to fling myself flat on the ground at the very last moment. The brute shot right over me; but, as he did so, a vicious backward kick whistled past my head. If it had caught me—well, my skull would probably have been smashed like an eggshell!

In a second I was upon my feet, and made a dash for the entrance, yelling at the top of my voice. With the fury of despair, I hurled myself against the door, only to be shot straight back from it. It was bolted on the outside.

The bird was making for me again. I had barely time to spring on one side before the huge leg was lifted in the air, and came down with an appalling whizz within a foot or so of my head.

Good Heavens! what was I to do? To be shut up there with this infuriated, vicious creature, could only end in one way. Sooner or later, I would drop exhausted to the ground. Then, when the brute had me at his mercy, he would kick and trample me to death.

A bright thought struck me. I had my cartridge belt on, though I was without a weapon of any kind. As I kept dodging my enemy, I pulled out cartridge after cartridge until I had a good handful. Then, when I could snatch a moment, I slipped them into a bunch of mealie stalks, which I found near the entrance, hastily struck a match, and set fire to the bundle at both ends.

Keeping a wary eye upon the ostrich, I gingerly placed this improvised mine right in his way. The creature, after those first mad rushes, had adopted quieter tactics, as if he knew he had me at his mercy, and could take his time about finishing me.

He stopped when he saw the blaze. I don't think he was afraid of it. He seemed to be considering within himself whether he should show his contempt for it by stamping it out on the spot. While he was debating the point, I slipped away to a safe distance. And then the fireworks began.

Bang! bang! bang! went one cartridge after another, two or three sometimes exploding at the same moment. When it was all over, what was left of that feathered brute wasn't of much account, you may be sure.

As for me, I heaved a heartfelt sigh of relief, and set about searching for a good-sized stone. Finding one close at hand, I promptly battered down the door, and found myself clear of that death-trap.

My horse was still hitched to the post where I had left him, but Grendon's had disappeared. Hot with resentment, I swung myself into the saddle at once, and galloped back towards the house. The one thought uppermost in my mind was the ex-trooper's abominable treachery, and I

boiled with rage when I reflected how deftly he had lured me into that trap. Why he should have done so, why he wanted to get rid of me, was more than I could imagine.

On reaching the house a Kaffir boy informed me that his master had ridden off towards Bronkers Springs. I merely waited to get hold of my revolver before I started away after him. It was not, perhaps, exactly a wise thing to do, for I felt assured that the sight of me would not be very welcome to the burly trooper. But, thoroughly roused as I was, I wanted to come face to face with the man, and demand an explanation of his treachery.

The sun was dipping towards the horizon when I reached the farm. As I rode into the yard my heart was thumping with suppressed excitement, for I knew that my meeting with Grendon was likely to be a stormy one.

One glance round the place showed me that it was as deserted as ever. Grendon was nowhere to be seen. I dismounted, and walked across towards the house. The door was still locked. Turning away, I strayed out upon the open veldt, leading my horse by the reins.

Some few hundred yards away, where I had observed a dip in the ground the evening before, I noticed a little bank of loose earth. It must have been thrown up quite recently, for it was certainly not there when I arrived last night. Someone had evidently been digging near the spot.

This fact puzzled and perplexed me considerably. I determined to find out what it meant, and walked across towards the hollow. Stealing up on tip-toe, I peeped cautiously over the bank.

Down there was a little gully, at the bottom of which a shallow stream trickled along. The ground had been dug up in all directions; a few pickaxes and shovels were lying about, and standing ankle-deep in the water, engaged in a very curious manner, were two men—Grendon and the Free State Boer!

Each held a sort of wooden pan in his hands, half filled with muddy water. By a peculiar twisting motion the water was jerked out in little splashes, leaving a thick, slimy sediment. Then the pan was dipped in the stream, and the same process gone through again.

I stood there and watched them with my heart in my mouth. Both were so desperately intent upon their work that there was little fear of their noticing me. A vague suspicion, a faint glimmering of the truth, began to dawn upon me.

Grendon was the first to get his pan pretty clear, then he suddenly pounced upon something at the bottom, and held it up for his companion's inspection, who viewed it with a grunt of satisfaction. It was a tiny nodule of gold!

In an instant I saw it all. There was gold upon

AS I GALLOPED PAST THE FARM BUILDINGS I GLANCED BACK

the land, and—and—yes! it was mine! That story about the transfer of the farm was all humbug; my uncle had left the property to me! I was the rightful owner of this wealth!

It was wonderful how the whole thing straightened itself out in my mind at once. Grendon must have made the discovery after my uncle's death, and straightway determined to get rid of me when I put in an appearance. He had evidently entered into a compact with the rascally old Boer, whom he posted at the drift for the express purpose of picking me off as I crossed. When I got through all right he lured me into that trap at the ostrich farm, and left me to my fate.

Though my blood boiled as I thought of it, I had no intention of bearding these two men alone, especially while the lust for gold was strong upon them. No; that would simply be playing into their hands. I slunk quietly away, therefore, and crept back towards my horse, determined to ride post haste to the nearest settlement and summon assistance.

Just as I jumped into the saddle in a fever to be off, and thinking how neatly I would trick them, I suddenly heard a regular bellow of rage behind me. My head went round over my shoulder in an instant, and there, on the lip of the gully, stood Grendon, threatening me with his clenched fist. The next second he vanished, plunging down into the hollow again.

I knew what he was up to. I had seen his big black horse tethered there, side by side with the hardy veldt pony of the Boer. They had no intention of letting me get away if they could help it—not they!

It was a ride for it, then!—a ride of life and death. I set my teeth hard, took a firm grip of the reins, and then, with a dig of the spurs, away I shot.

As I clattered past the farm buildings I glanced back. Grendon was thundering along after me, bending forward in his saddle, and straining every nerve to catch me up. After him came the Boer.

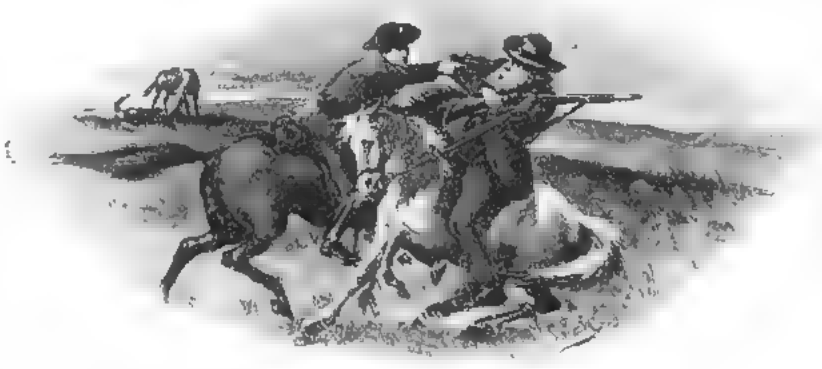
It was a desperate chase; a wild, mad rush across the open veldt, that made the air whistle around me as if a stiff breeze was blowing. For a mile or two I held my lead well, and then a swift glance behind showed me that the trooper was steadily gaining.

Never in my life will I forget the sight of that struggling, straining figure, or the look in the man's face as he hammered his horse's flanks with his spurred heels. His only weapon was a stout piece of wood—the handle of a pickaxe, it looked like—which he must have snatched up at the last moment.

Clutching the revolver in my right hand, I tore madly on. And then—oh, horror!—straight in front there suddenly leaped into view a high wire fence, the boundary of the farm!

My horse could not clear it, I felt sure of that. If I put him at it and he baulked it, I was done for.

In an instant I had swerved off to the right, dragged the brute's head round, and doubled back. Grendon wheeled to cut me off, but I just managed to shoot past him in the nick of time.



I SHOVED THE WEAPON INTO HIS BEARDED, GRIMY FACE.

Straight before me was the Boer. When he saw me coming, he dropped the reins on his pony's neck, raised his rifle, and let drive. The bullet found its billet, but not in me. Glancing back I saw Grendon throw up his arms, rock in the saddle, and fall headlong to the ground.

Though I had hesitated to use my revolver with Grendon, I had no compunction as far as the Dutchman was concerned. Twice he had attempted my life. As I thought of this I shoved the weapon into his bearded, grimy face, and shot him dead.

Then I took possession of what was rightfully mine—the farm and the gold upon it.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—We have decided to abolish the coupon system, so that readers may enter for as many competitions as they like. In future, at the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

CONDITIONS.—The highest age limit is twenty-five.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows.—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by March 12th.

No. 1.—**"Patriotism."** Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded to the senders of the three best *prose* extracts from any author on this subject.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—**"Chess."** See "Chess Corner."

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 3.—**"Landscape."** Three sets of drawing materials (including drawing-board, sketch-book, T square, pencils, indiarubber, compasses, etc., etc.) will be awarded to the senders of the best landscapes in colour, pencil Indian ink, etc.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—**"Girls Only."** Three prizes:—(1) A handsome case of scent, manufactured by Messrs. Rimmel & Co., of London. (2) A rhinoceros-hide blotter, silver-mounted, and with initials of prize winner affixed in silver. (3) An autograph or stamp album, for either of the following (not both)—*(a)* A short story (not exceeding 2,000 words); or *(b)* an essay on "A Girl's Ideal Holiday" (not exceeding 1,000 words).

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

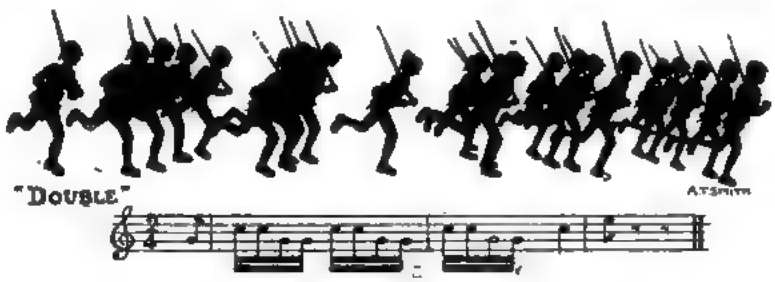
No. 5.—**"Boys Only."** The prizes will be three cricket bats of the best make, which Mr. C. B. Fry has kindly promised to select, bearing in mind the age, height, size of chest, etc., of winners, who will be asked to supply these particulars. Subject for competition: Coast-line of Great Britain, coloured or plain, marking ports, with statements as to what each port is commercially noted for. Marks will be awarded for neatness.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—**"All Readers."** Three "Swan Fountain Pens" for the three best solutions of Mr. Dudeney's War Puzzle, back of frontispiece.

Class I. ... Age limit: None.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

SPECIAL RULE.—Each "Comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.



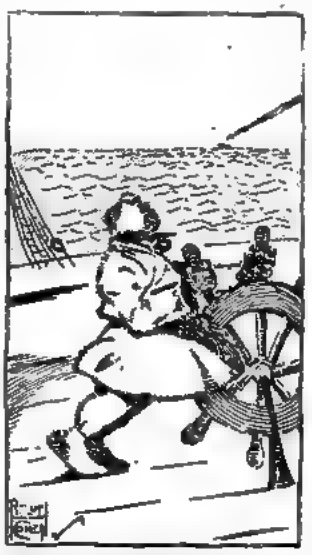
SPECIAL PAGES.

Contributed by Readers.

A BIG pile of contributions confronts me this month, and so my "Special Pagers" must not be disappointed if I am not able to criticise — much less *print* — everything submitted. The winner of One Year's Subscription this month is CHARLES ORGAN, Mandora Barracks, Aldershot, who sends the following account of—

A Spanish Bull-fight.

Last year, when I was at Gibraltar, I took the opportunity to visit Algeceiras, a small town on the opposite side of Gibraltar Bay. It happened to be their annual fair day; consequently, the town was crowded with many Englishmen and Spaniards. Great bills were posted up at the street corners announcing a bull-fight, so I made my way to the arena, which is on the outskirts of the town.



There was an explorer named Knollys,
Who went to discover the pollys.
He started on Sunday,
But came back on Monday,
Said he, "I'd not got enough collys."

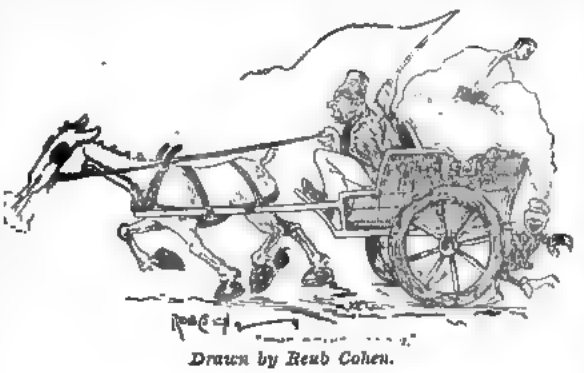
"*Knollys*" is pronounced "*Knowles.*"]

As the bull-fight is the Spaniard's national sport, a very great crowd had assembled at the arena; it seemed a very quiet crowd—there was no pushing or jostling, but one ran a great risk of having one's pockets picked. As it was four o'clock when I got into the arena, the performance was about to commence.

The president, having taken his seat, gives the signal, and forthwith enters the procession, which is very pretty. First come two men dressed in black velvet on horseback, then the two *espadas* in brightly coloured costumes; after these come about a dozen *picadors*, with their spikes and long leggings plated with steel, riding horses, one eye of which is blind-folded; next come the *banderillos* numbering eight, clothed in very pretty costumes; and finally, some attendants leading the horses which are to drag off the carcases. The procession salutes the president, and then each man takes up his respective position, except the *espadas*, who retire from the ring. The president now throws down the key of the bull's prison to one of the horsemen in black velvet, who, again saluting the president, opens the door. As soon as the bull is released he dashes out madly into the arena; at first he seems bewildered, but soon he makes for one of the *picadors*, who is ready for the attack with his long lance, with which he tries to turn the bull aside; sometimes he succeeds, inflicting a terrible wound, from which the blood streams down the poor beast's side; sometimes he fails to turn the bull aside, and the bull digs his horns into the horse and throws both rider and steed.

The other men in the ring, by waving red cloths, entice the bull away, while the horse is put on its legs again, and the fallen *picador* is helped up, as it is impossible for him to rise without assistance, owing to the weight of his plated leggings. Each bull is permitted to kill six horses, and now, each *picador* having had his turn, the carcases of the horses are dragged out of the arena.

The *banderillos* then enter the arena, carrying a couple of *banderillas*, which are short sticks of about two feet in length with an arrow-pointed head. The *banderillo* stands still, the bull makes a rush at him, but, quickly moving to one side, he sticks the *banderilla* in the poor bull's shoulder. Another *banderillo* will jump over the bull almost as the animal is upon him, and another will wait sitting on a chair for the bull's charge. Some of these darts are explosive, and burst in the animal's shoulder, inflicting a nasty wound and causing great pain, but this



Drawn by Reub Cohen.

is the part of the performance which is applauded most by the people. After the *banderillos* have had their turn, the *espada* comes into the arena; to him is given the task of putting an end to the animal's sufferings. He carries a long thin sword in his right hand and a red cloth in his left.

The bull now is very exhausted, and all his movements are slow, but with the red cloth the *espada* entices him to the exact spot he wishes. Now comes the final scene; everyone is perfectly silent, and all eyes are fixed on the *espada*, who, standing in front of the bull, has his arm raised; then, with a quick thrust, he plunges the sword deeply into the bull's neck. The poor beast drops instantly to the ground.

If, however, the *espada* fails to kill the bull at once, he is hissed by the audience, but the successful one is thrown all sorts of things, including hats, parasols, bottles of wine, and money. The hats and parasols he returns to their respective owners, but he keeps the wine and money.

There are generally seven bulls killed during the afternoon, and many horses, which are generally broken-down cab horses.

This is the Spaniard's national sport—a more bloodthirsty and cruel performance could not be imagined.

CHARLES ORGAN.

IN YE OLDEN TIME.

Drawn by F. C. Meredith.

FARMER (to new hand): "Hey, Tim! you counted them sheep wrong. Wasn't there a board school where you come from?"

TIM (after a thoughtful pause): "As far as I recklect, sir, there was a *brick* one; but no, there wasn't none made o' boards."

(*Sketch by "Hay Jay."*)

Since His Time.

Captain: "Well, what do *you* want?"

Middy: "I'm the new midshipman, sir."

Captain: "The old story—fool of the family sent to sea, eh?"

Middy: "Oh, no, sir! That's all changed since your time, sir!"

JOHN CAIRNS, JUNR.

How to Make a Hektograph.

To secretaries of athletic clubs a copying apparatus will be welcome. I therefore give here directions for making a "hektograph":—

Soak 4ozs. of common gelatine, or good glue, in cold water, till it becomes quite soft, then strain off as much water as possible. After this, heat the jar containing the glue in a saucepanful of water, until it becomes quite liquid. Add 16ozs. of common glycerine, and stir thoroughly; then pour into a tray to set. A tin biscuit-lid, made watertight, will make a very good tray. About a ¼in thick is thick enough for the gelatine. It should then be put in a cool place to set, and in about three hours' time the press will be ready for use.

The ink can be made by mixing 3ozs. aniline dye, 1oz. glycerine, and 8 drachms of water.

If the surface of the press becomes injured, it can be remelted, and then poured back into the pan and allowed to cool.

T. H. DURRANS.

Curiosities in Figures.

Figures, are very odd things, and some odd things can be done with them. For instance, if you put down a sum of money, the pounds being more than the pence, and the whole amount under £20, and underneath it the same sum reversed, subtract the one from the other, and then reverse the last amount and add to it the previous one, the answer will always be £12 18s. 11d.

Example :—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
	10	18	6		15	17	11
Less	6	18	10	Less	11	18	3
	3	19	8		3	19	8
Add	8	19	3	Add	8	19	3
	12	18	11		12	18	11

Above £20 and under £30, the same process will give an equally certain result—£24 17s. 11d. Between £30 and £40, the process works out to £36 16s. 11d., and between £40 and £50, the result will almost infallibly be £48 15s. 11d.

ALEX. LINGFORD.

A Fact.

Old Countryman (to friend at cricket match, "Under Fifteen *v.* Village Boys") : "Wot ! Call 'im a boy ! 'E's eighteen if 'e's a hinch !"

G. S. P.

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

Wm. E. Atwell.—(1) I hope to use your mazes in course of time. (2) Certainly, a Special Page winner may go on competing. If he is again successful I shall send him some other book.

Arnold Whitley.—Your drawing of the Old Fag going to the front is a happy idea, but unfortunately not quite good enough to reproduce.

K. S. C.—You are clearly influenced in your methods by the poets you mention. Try a simpler theme, adopting Longfellow as a model. The poems you send show poetic instinct, but no very definite idea, to be blunt, as to "what you are getting at."

A. E. Jones.—Your puzzle is ingenious, but I can't print puzzles which will necessitate "cutting" the pages in order to solve them. Puzzle demons, please note.

Judson.—You are an energetic boy, but your contributions are not quite good enough to use.

Jack Point.—Certainly you may put "S.P." after your name if a contribution of yours has appeared in these pages.

Harold P. Keeley.—Your "small tale" is far too big. To have any chance of being used contributions must be quite short. (P.S.—You seem to have had a lively time.)

J. A. Hughes.—You must send a better riddle than that if you wish to bloom forth in these pages as a riddler.

C. J. D. sends a poem called "The King of Games." The last verse strikes a lugubrious note in the second line :—

Batsmen rise above their elders,
Some retire and others die,
Yet the ball goes on for ever,
And we see the wickets fly.

John Cox.—You're a real Briton !

G. H.—The young elephant is not badly done, but it is not good enough to publish.

James Ramsay.—Sentiments excellent ; metre a bit uneven.

H. G. Gurland.—Dr. Grace wouldn't feel flattered if he saw your portrait of him.

John Cairns, junr.—Joke good ; drawing deficient. Contributions to these pages cannot be returned by post.

Mollie.—A jolly letter and a jolly essay, but not quite the sort of thing. I had no idea you school-girls went in for such boisterous things as pillow fights !

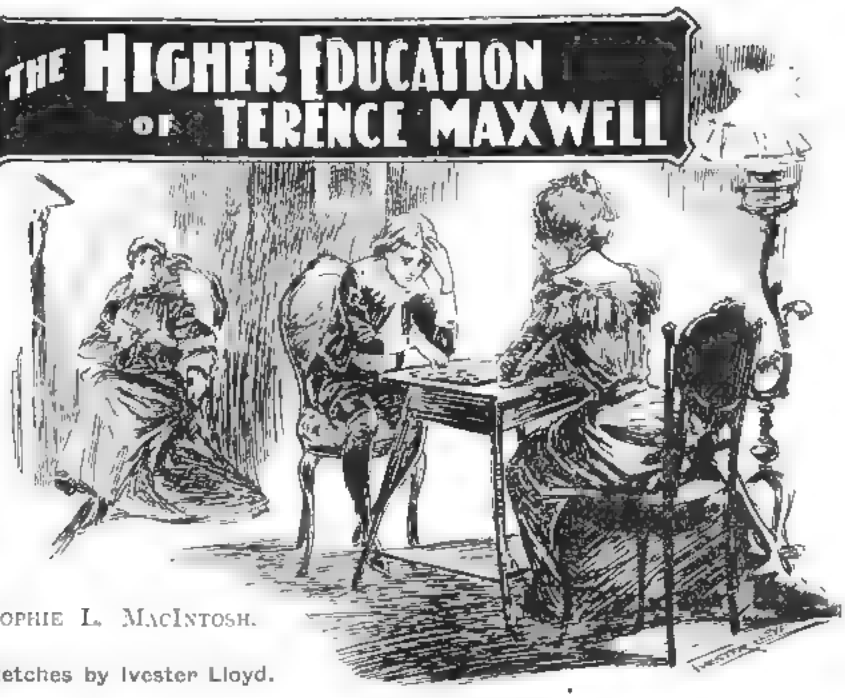
A. L. Davies, John Adams, Victor C. Glenmore, A. Lingford, H. B. Thomas, Edgcombe Baber, Harry Wood, A. Maunder, and "**Zulu**" also sent contributions.

Photograph by *B. W. Davey.*

AN ARMOURED TRAIN, NOW ENGAGED IN FIGHTING THE BOERS.

[Sent by A. Booth, Marlborough.]

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF TERENCE MAXWELL



By Sophie L. MacIntosh.

Sketches by Ivester Lloyd.

TERENCE MAXWELL had the misfortune to be the only son of a widow. His father died when he was a baby, and his mother and Aunt Nellie brought him up in the country as well as they knew how; on rather original lines it is true, for Terry was the only boy they had ever known.

"Believe me, ma'am," said his old nurse, herself the mother of an unruly crew, "you an' Miss Nellie is destroying that child between you. What do you two slips of girls know about boys? 'Tis romping all over the country he ought to be, tarin' the clothes off his back instead of sittin' down readin' Latin, and playing the piano all day like a lady. An' look at the shoulders of him. Wouldn't they disgrace any fine young man? Sure don't I know?" when Mrs. Maxwell tried to stem the flow of nurse's eloquence. "You're the grand scholar intirely, and teach him fine, but boys wants more than that, and they gets beyond a woman's hand when they comes to eleven or twelve, and Master Terry is fourteen. Take my advice, ma'am, and send the child to a big school, where he'll be well knocked about by others of his own kind, and learn to take his own part."

The widow groaned, but sought the earliest opportunity of talking things over with her sister.

"I am afraid she is right," said Aunt Nellie, with a sigh. "Terry is getting too old for us; 'twould be a dreadful pity if we spoiled him."

However, they agreed to defer to the judgment of Captain Standish, an old college friend of the boy's father, and from whom a visit was expected daily. They considered that he, with his wide experience of men and manners, ought to be an authority on the guidance of youth.

The visitor was met at the train by a tall, pale-faced boy in a velvet knickerbocker suit. His whole person was scrupulously neat, and he wore tan gloves stitched with black. He blushed as he came shyly up to the carriage door, and stammered out a greeting.

"Terry Maxwell? Why, of course—you have a look of your poor father. You were in petticoats when we met last—and might be still," added he, mentally, "for all the difference it makes," glancing at the long hair, sweeping a deep falling collar, the round shoulders and thin legs, that ought to have been covered with trousers long ago. "That little woman has a good deal to answer for," thought he. But his manner was frank and cordial as he touched point after point in his conversation likely to interest his young companion, while they walked the short distance to Rosebank.

"Have you much fun down here? I suppose you know a lot of fellows of your own age?"

"No, mamma does not care for me to mix with the boys here," was the prim reply.

"Then, what about football, handball, cricket, anything?"

"Mamma says they are too rough; I might get hurt. I play draughts with her or Aunt Nellie in the evenings."

"Pooh! a girl's game!" contemptuously.

Terry was silent.

"Your father was a famous cricketer, my boy. You must go to school and learn how to do the things he knew so well."

"We have pictures of him in flannels with a bat, but I never saw cricket," said Terry, rather sadly. "I suppose people do not play in the country?"

"What else can you do besides play draughts? How do you spend the winter evenings?"

"I have my work, of course. Mamma teaches me, and I can knit stockings," proudly.

The man beside him roared, and then pulled himself up when he saw Terry's face. "By Jove! he seems quite proud of his accomplishment," thought he, "but after all, it is not the poor little beggar's fault! Great Scott! What a loss his handsome, manly father was to this boy! He must go to school without delay, and learn to do something better with his fists than knit stockings."

As soon as Terry was out of earshot, the soldier delivered his mind to the ladies. In forcible language he drew dark and fearful pictures of a boy brought up without public school discipline. "A chap must be licked into shape," said he.

"You don't mean bodily chastisement?" faltered the widow.

"Certainly! Why not?" replied he, callously.

"But my child never gave me an anxious moment!" indignantly.

"Better that he had," grunted Captain Standish. "I would rather see my son the ringleader in every kind of mischief than have him grow up a molly-coddle. You owe it to poor Ted's son to make a man of him."

The seed thus roughly sown bore rapid fruit.

In less than a month, with many misgivings and more flannel shirts than he could wear out in a lifetime, Mrs. Maxwell dispatched her ewe lamb to a bracing school in the north called Clonrath. Here he went through the new boy's usual baptism of fire. They "hopped" him at night, an ingenious form of torture in which the victim is tossed out of bed when asleep, and wakes suddenly from dreaming of earthquakes. They played every known trick on him day by day, until at last the prefects interfered. But, in spite of his soft up-bringing, the boy had some of his father's grit in him, for to his mother he never complained. Nevertheless, he felt that all at once he was plunged alone into an unknown world, where the language and customs were strange to him. Once or twice it was borne in on the minds of his tormentors that the day was fast approaching when Maxwell would not be so easy a prey, for a flashing eye and a reddening cheek are storm signals to the wary.

Meanwhile, the women at home felt lost without their boy. Letters were eagerly looked for, and at the end of a week Terry wrote:—

MY DEAR MAMMA,—This is the very first letter I ever penned in all my life. I have already been two hours trying to make it worthy of you, and have destroyed many sheets of paper. This, I fear, will not be much better.

I do not care for the society of boys. They are very rough and rude in their manners, besides being sometimes ungrammatical in speech.

They bang doors and whistle on the stairs when they can do so unobserved. As you never permitted this, it strikes me all the more forcibly.

I am sorry to tell you that none of the fellows in my dormitory brush their hair properly.

Nobody here but me wears gloves. They are very keen on football, and quite excited when they talk about the cup which they play for every year. Sometimes they lose it, and then the whole school mourns until they get it back again. The thing is worshipped like a heathen idol. I shall never like football. I went to see a match yesterday, and I got quite sick. One fellow was hurt, and his nose bled; he was a horrid sight. It is well that you and Aunt Nellie were not there, it would have frightened you. He has a black eye too, and is not one bit ashamed. When the Head saw it to-day, he only laughed and said, "First blood for the cup; one black eye is better than two, old man." I was surprised, I thought that a person of his class would be disgusted. I like Mr. Hazel, the master who teaches my class, he is a great favourite with all the boys, but that is because he is an international half-back (an obscure football term), not on account of his scholarship, though he took an excellent degree in Cambridge. He is a tall, thin, brown man, with bright blue eyes and a pleasant laugh. He plays hockey, too. The school is quite proud of him.

The Head praised my prose to-day and asked me where I learnt Latin. I told him that you taught me all I knew; he really was astonished. I am sure you would never wish me to play football. I have not spent any of my half-sovereign yet. Love to Aunt Nellie and nurse. Your affectionate son,

TERENCE MAXWELL.

Mr. Hazel dropped into a class-room one day, and promptly evicted Maxwell.

"Don't you know that you are not allowed to work in the afternoon?" said he.

Terry blushed all over his good-looking boyish face.

"Please, sir, I thought it was optional."

"Get your cap and go out to the field."

"Please, sir, I do not know how to play any games."

"Well, you can learn, I suppose?"

"I'll go for a walk instead, sir. May I get my cap and gloves?"

"Gloves be hanged!" Strange language for a classic, thought Terry.

"Don't argue," added the master, sternly.

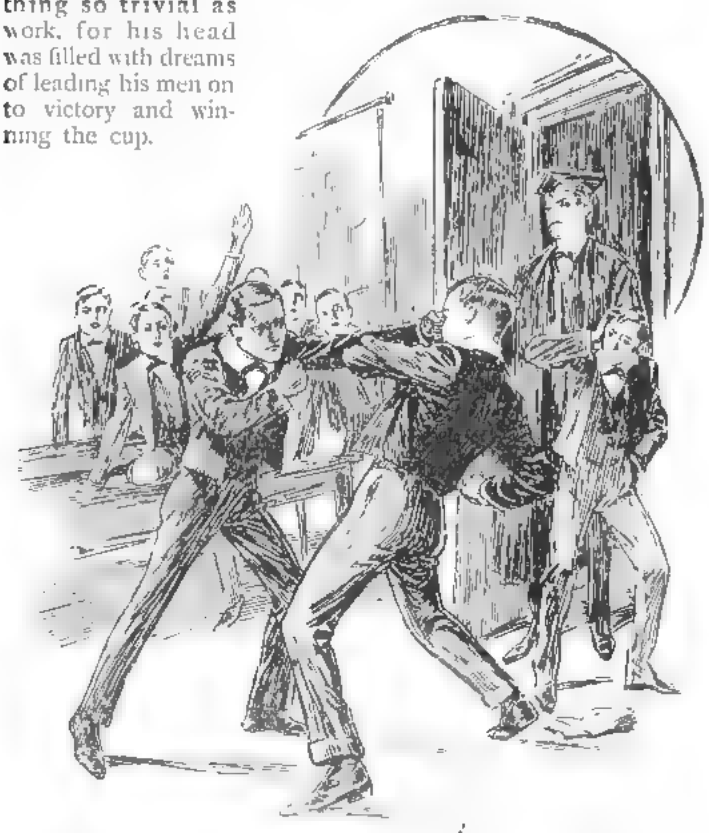
Then, going to the window, Mr. Hazel threw it open. "Kennedy, Kennedy, come here, I say."

A stoutly built boy, with a blunt, honest face and freckles came running up in response to his call.

"Take Maxwell out, and show him how to kick a ball," said he; "or, better still, put on the gloves with him—he likes gloves," added the young man, with a laugh.

"Decent little chap, and works like a nigger," reflected Hazel, as he watched the boys cross the field. "Pity that his mother has had the spoiling of him for so long, but there's good stuff in him; he'll do better than Kennedy."

And indeed the two boys were of a very different stamp. Kennedy brought himself up quite on a level with his father, whom he criticised freely; he offered him excellent advice on every subject, from the proper way to invest his money down to the latest thing in neck-ties, and how to part his hair. Kennedy held the proud position of captain of the cup team, and just at present never thought of anything so trivial as work, for his head was filled with dreams of leading his men on to victory and winning the cup.



"GO IT, MAXWELL! LAMB INTO HIM!" WERE THE WORDS MR. HAZEL HEARD AS HE OPENED THE DOOR.

Terry returned from that first lesson with a colour in his face, and the light of battle in his bright eyes. And thenceforward, every day that the captain had a moment to spare from training his little crowd on the football field, he put on the gloves and good-naturedly hammered his school-fellow until they both had had enough of it.

But no one succeeded in teaching Maxwell football. It was really rather a pity that he could not be got to take an interest in the game, for in spite of circumstances he was well shaped and tall, with sturdy legs and good strong arms. Meanwhile, he worked hard at his books, and before Christmas was head of the class, and held up as a shining light by all the masters.

The practical jokers had dropped off, all but one, a youth called Fangs by his comrades, on account of his long, yellow teeth. Fangs was very unattractive, and regarded by his fellows with a mixture of dislike and respect. Dislike, because he was a bully and a sneak; respect, because he had not yet been licked. This was mainly owing to the fact that hitherto he had had the discretion not to insult his match. To Fangs, Terry Maxwell seemed fair game; no one ever saw that youth use his fists.

But the downfall of the bully was near. After the vacation something occurred that changed the entire plan of Terry's school life. An unfortunate little chap whose parents were in India came to the school. He was always whimpering, his face was permanently dirty, and his whole person was permanently untidy. For some occult reason he attached himself to Maxwell. It seemed to young Ryan that there was no one so wise, strong, so altogether interesting as this big boy. He wriggled up to him in study, and tried to sit beside him in church. His liking was not returned; Ryan's personality was an offence to Terry's innate sense of cleanliness. The little wretch was always snivelling, but the strong must not refuse protection to the weak, and fair play is a jewel.

One evening in study, during the temporary absence of the master on duty, Ryan sidled up to his hero. Suddenly a book,

thrown by Fangs, and intended for Ryan, came whizzing across the room, and struck Terry in the face.

Someone laughed nervously. Now, that kind of laughter from his comrades was the one thing that Terry felt he could not tolerate. He was rapidly developing. Crimson with rage, he cleared the desk, and before anyone knew what was happening, he had knocked the bully down. In a moment the whole room was in a tumult.

"Serve you jolly well right. Go it, Maxwell! Lamb into him!" were the words Mr. Hazel heard a minute later as he opened the door on a mob of boys yelling like savages, and too excited to notice him, kicking, struggling, fighting with each other in a frenzied attempt to get near the combatants.

Hazel's "Silence!" fell like a thunderclap in their midst. Miles of "impot." for everybody was the result. Terry had half killed Fangs, and with one bound jumped into popularity. The whole school rejoiced, and that night the conqueror, looking rather dilapidated, with a cut lip and a very game eye, was chaired round the dormitories to a *sotto voce* rendering of "For he's a jolly good fellow." The sudden admiration of his comrades had a curious and unlooked-for effect on Terry. Next day he was seen surreptitiously taking a kick at goal with partial success, and enthusiasm for football grew apace. The novice turned out regularly to the football practices; he began to look with a loving and proprietary eye on the cup, high up in its cabinet in the big schoolroom. Experienced veterans of his own age watched his play and predicted a great future for him. He ran, he dodged, he tackled, he caught the ball with the fearlessness and dexterity of an old hand; his progress was so rapid that when the great day arrived for the election of the cup team, Terry Maxwell went on as half without a single dissentient vote. So much for heredity.

Clonrath and the school they had to meet were about equally matched. Experts said that Clonrath had the greater skill, but then Farnham had more weight. The game was to be played on a ground strange to both.

It was a bright frosty morning towards the end of January. Outside Clonrath gate the two-horse brake waiting to convey the fifteen to the field of battle was drawn up, and beside it the entire school, to give them a good send-off.

The Head stood on the steps, giving Kennedy a last word of caution and advice. A captain's position is a responsible one, and Kennedy looked grave as he climbed soberly into his seat.

"Now, boys, three cheers for the team. Hip, hip, hurrah! Three cheers for the captain. Hip, hip, hurrah!"

"Three cheers for Maxwell," piped a shrill voice, and young Ryan, grown bold since the day of Fangs' defeat, pushed his way cheekily to the front. "Hip, hip, hurrah!" The horse pawed wildly and sprang forward, followed by a crowd of yelling kids, who intended to be on the ground as fast as their short legs would carry them.

No function for the year aroused so much interest and excitement in the town as the "Schools' Cup" matches. A vast crowd filled the stand and gathered all round the ropes. Many of them were the fathers and mothers of the players, and elder brothers, who in their time had played for the cup, and loved "the old pot" with an undying affection.

A burst of applause greeted the teams, as, clean built and smart looking, they ran on the ground, Kennedy carrying the ball. Clonrath won the toss, and the captain, who, in addition to his other virtues, possessed that excellent quality in a commander of always knowing his own mind, elected to take the kick-off.

Maxwell was cold and white with excitement. It was his first big match, and when the teams lined out he felt that he had the most conspicuous and dangerous post on the field, and was the last man fit to fill it.

The halves of the opposing teams were short, sturdily-built fellows, and it flashed through Maxwell's brain that he was absurdly slight and lanky when compared with them and Kennedy, who was his partner.

However, he had very little time to think of his feelings

His *début* was anything but a success. The ball was hardly in play five minutes when he missed a splendid pass given to him by Kennedy from a pick-up outside the maul.

"Keep your head! What the dickens are you doing?" shouted his captain, as Maxwell fumbled the ball through sheer nervousness. Too late! It was swept away by the enemy, dribbled down the field, and a try got before Clonrath could draw a breath. Here the captain's language is unfit for publication, and during the interval allowed for the kicking of a goal the unlucky half heard himself heartily abused by all the backers of his school.

Even Mr. Hazel hit him when he was down. "Badly played, indeed!" he called out.

"Now, Maxwell, make up for that rotten miss!" shouted a small boy from the railings, and the crowd laughed. It was a horrid sell, but as play began again Terry set his teeth, determined to wipe out the disgrace or die in the attempt. Farnham had failed to convert the try, but were three points ahead of Clonrath.

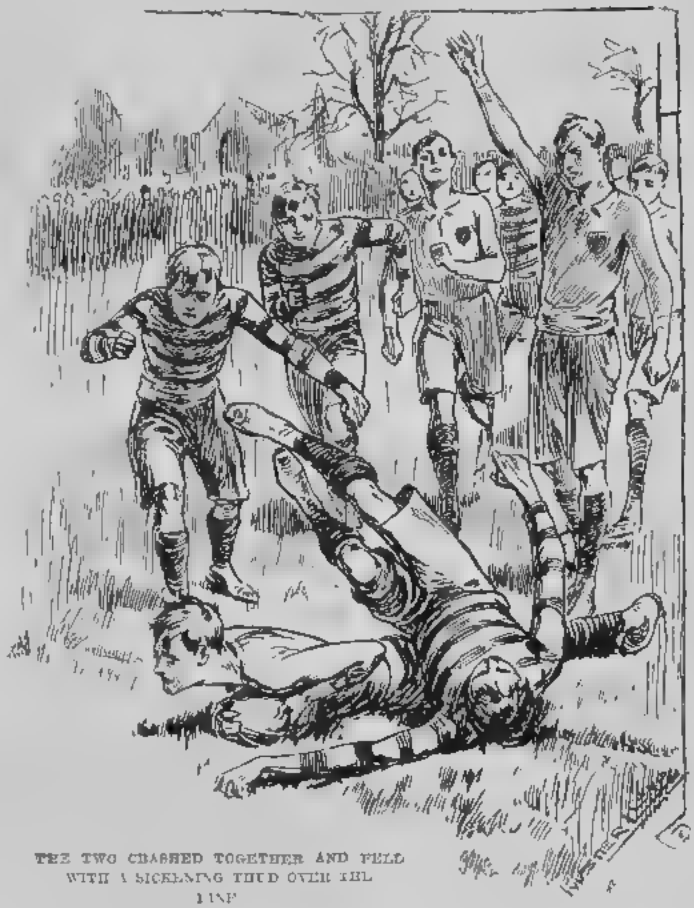
And now began the hottest part of the match.

The triumphant Farnham were playing a fast and vigorous game. Time and again Clonrath brought the ball down the field and mauled nearly on the enemy's goal-line, only to be driven back at the moment of victory by the splendid defence of their opponents.

Kennedy was desperate. He felt that his team were beginning to lose heart when they found it impossible to score. Meanwhile Terry was playing like a demon, and doing yeoman service. He stuck to the ball as if he were tied to it, and several times won the sudden approval of the crowd when, by a clever pass or tackle, he saved his school from further disaster.

The excitement was intense when the whistle blew for half time, and no fresh score had been got.

During the interval the crowd surged on to the ground watching the teams suck lemons as they lay on the grass. Men who had never played a game in their lives, criticised the defence and attack, and told the players exactly what to do in order to win the match.



THEY TWO CRASHED TOGETHER AND FELL WITH A SICKENING THUD OVER THE LINE

At the kick off, excitement had risen to fever point amongst the spectators. The shouting of high school-boy voices became continuous.

"Play up, Farnham!" "Go on, Clonrath!" was heard from every part of the ground as the crowd watched breathlessly the two twisting, struggling, panting lines of boys.

For about a quarter of an hour it looked as if there would be no more scoring that day. Then suddenly Clonrath began to press. They got the ball into the enemy's country and kept it there. Farnham showed signs of fatigue, for heavy teams do not last out as well as their lighter rivals.

About ten minutes before the end they lined up within Farnham's twenty-five, the ball was thrown out crooked, owing to the wind, a maul formed, broke up fast, and then a loose rush – Maxwell ran through the crowd, dribbled the leather over the line, and fell on it.

A wild roar of joy broke from his friends, and the full-back turned cartwheels on the grass. A hush of suspense followed, while the interest in the match itself was momentarily swallowed up in anxiety to see if Clonrath would get a goal. No; the ball rose with a whirr from a splendid kick by the long legged centre three-quarter, but the contrary wind knocked it sideways against the post. No goal.

They were a try each now, and five minutes more to play.

"Go on, Clonrath; show what you're made of!" "Buck up, Farnham; 'tis nobody's game yet!"

Again the lines were formed, and the opposing forwards, locked together, hurled their weight against each other, while their heels fought like wild cats for possession of the ball.

"Shove, Farnham!" "Play up, Clonrath!"

Clonrath got it, and the rocking, whirling mass of humanity swung round and divided. Farnham forwards looked dead beat; they were breathing heavily, and another maul would see the end of them.

Then were was a loose rush led by Kennedy. Picking up the ball without slackening speed, he passed to Maxwell, who was running nearly neck and neck with him, but just far enough

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behind to save the accusation of "pass forward." Terry snapped the leather cleverly, and, holding it in front of him with both hands, he made a feint to pass, and was away down the field in a flash. The teams swept after him like a swarm of bees, but nearest was his own captain. The latter was soon out-distanced by a big forward from the enemy's lines, who overtook Terry and tackled him. They went down together, but Terry's light weight stood him in good stead; he wriggled away from the detaining grasp on his leg, leapt nimbly over his foe, and, without ever losing hold of the ball, raced on.

There was one more dangerous obstacle. The full-back, quick and lithe as a cat, bore down on him. Terry was nearly played out, but he made a final spurt—his breath was coming in great sobs, and the goal-posts in front of him were a blurred mass. Two paces from the white line the full-back ran into him. Terry put down his head to receive the coming onslaught, and the two crashed together and fell with a sickening thud over the line. But Terry was underneath with the ball tightly held.

Then a mighty roar, like the sea, rent the air, and cheers rang out from every part of the field—for Clonrath had reached their desired haven, and won the Cup Match.

But at first the hero of the hour heard none of the rejoicing. When he came to himself, water was being dashed over his face, and there was a crowd around him.

"Who won?" asked he, anxiously.

"We did," answered half a dozen voices. "Listen to that!"

"Three cheers for Maxwell. Hip, hip, hurrah!"

Terry felt somewhat embarrassed as he put on his coat and left the field, pursued by a riotous crowd thumping him on the back and shaking hands excitedly. Good old Terry!

Mrs. Maxwell received a letter a day or two later, by which she was deeply impressed. When she had read it, she laid it down, and gasped out one word—"Disgraceful!"

MY DEAR MATER,—I hope you will be able to read this. I am writing with my *right hand*, as the other got a wipe yesterday at football. But what does it matter? What does anything matter? for we won the Cup Match, and knocked spots out of Farnham. They must be jolly sick to-day, poor beggars! for we beat them by a little fluke just at the end. I enclose a paper with an account of the pic-nic. Clonrath made them sit up, by Jove! Not just at first, though. Your little son began by making a beastly ass of himself, and nearly gave the whole show away, and was hooted by the crowd. I missed a clean pass in the rottenest manner through sheer funk. You don't tumble to "pass?" Never mind, you shall know all about it the next time I am at home. If you and Aunt Nellie had seen the fellows play yesterday, you would have been flabbergasted. All the chaps had their mothers and pet girls out, wearing the colours of the old shop. You must come up and yell at the next—it will make your hair curl. How the kids bellowed! There's not a fellow in the school that can speak above his breath to-day, and the masters are just as bad. Rugby is a glorious game—there's nothing like it, and a chap can work so much better after being knocked about a bit. Excuse blots. My blooming left hand is a putrid fraud. *Floreat Clonrath!*—Your affectionate son,

TERRY.

"Floreat Clonrath!"

By John Mackie.

Author of "They that Sit in Darkness," "The Last Creek," "Touch and Go," etc.

Illustrated by Stewart Browne.

SYNOPSIS.—(Chapters I.—XX.)

Walter Derringham, an orphan, runs away from home, leaving behind him his one friend in the world, Muriel Wray. On arriving in London, Walter chases and captures a pickpocket who has stolen a gold watch from a gentleman in evening dress. The gentleman proves to be a Canadian cattle-farmer, Mr. Dunbar, who offers Walter a crib on his ranche in the wild North-west prairie country. Walter accepts the offer, and accompanies Mr. Dunbar to Canada. Nearing the ranche whilst passing through a valley, the party is attacked by hostile Indians. Dunbar and Derringham, after a savage encounter with the red men, obtain the assistance of a neighbouring rancher and his cow-boys, and also that of the mounted police. After various tactics have been employed by both sides, one Indian is captured, but the notorious outlaw, "Make-Thunder," escapes. Derringham accompanies Dunbar to the latter's ranche, and settles down to his work. One Sunday Derringham goes off with Broncho Pete—a cow-boy—to explore a mysterious locality in that neighbourhood known as the Land of the Lost Spirits—this being the place, according to the superstitions of the red men, to which "bad" Indians are consigned when they die. Exploring forwards, Broncho Pete and Derringham come suddenly upon an illicit whiskey distillery, owned by an outlaw named Campbell, a member of whose band is the bad Indian, Make-Thunder. Pete and Derringham narrowly escape being shot on sight. The smugglers imprison them and set a guard over them. Laying their heads together, the prisoners determine to escape. In the silence of the night they loosen the stones of the window and prepare to decamp. All goes well with them until they accidentally set fire to the huts. A chase ensues, but just as the smugglers are close on the fugitives, Mr. Derringham and the mounted police arrive. A combat takes place, and the smugglers are routed.

CHAPTER XXI.

AFTER THE STORM.

The smugglers had at first made a bold resistance, a regular hand-to-hand fight taking place. At last, however, they were overpowered, but not before several casualties had taken place. Two policemen and one cow-boy had been badly wounded; while a couple of the desperadoes had been shot dead, and the others more or less injured.

The two dead desperadoes, by descriptions in the possession of the police, were identified as notorious outlaws from the States. Over the heads of each had hung warrants for apprehension on charges of murder. I was glad to hear that our late gaoler, Jim, and Pierre had only been slightly wounded. As nothing of a criminal nature was known against these two, save their smuggling transactions and their resisting the police under arms, it was more than likely that they would get off with a limited term of imprisonment in Stony Mountain Penitentiary, Manitoba.

And all this time Muriel Wray's letter was in my possession, and unopened. I was simply dying to know what it contained; but still, such had been the stirring sequence of events, that it was impossible to snatch five minutes for its perusal. Besides, I wanted to be quite alone when reading it—in some place where I would be free from all distractions. As soon as we had finished our much-needed meal, I made my way quickly towards my old prison house, the cave.

Seating myself on an old tarpaulin, I took out the letter and read.

It began by saying how glad she was to receive the letter I had written her on my arrival at the ranche, and how fortunate Mr. Dunbar and myself must have been to escape the ambush of the Indians as we did. Of course, she had told my uncle everything about my running away, not forgetting her own share in the matter. At first he was undoubtedly distressed, although he did not say much before

the other members of his family. He had gone back to his books, but could evidently get no comfort even from them. He had come to her and said that, if I would not come back, I might at least be all the better for some money; and he had handed her a substantial sum, saying that there was no need of anyone knowing anything about it. But the girl had declined the money, saying that she did not think I stood in any immediate need of it. There could be no doubt, she wrote, that my Uncle Gilbert was very fond of me, although it was not in his nature to show it. There were other members of the family, she hinted — and I believe she was having a sly dig at me—who were not far behind him in that respect.

And then came the most extraordinary news of all—a piece of news that fairly took away my breath, and seemed to change my entire worldly outlook. Why she kept it back to the very last, as if it were merely of minor importance, it would be difficult to say — unless the mysterious and seemingly contradictory workings of a woman's mind can account for it.

Did I remember the apparently worthless shares that my father had left me in a gold mine at Charles Tower, in Queensland? They had been doing nothing but spending money on that mine for years, sinking a shaft to try and strike some reef. Well, they had struck it at last, and a great reef it was—three feet thick, and full of gold. The shares that before were hardly worth holding had gone up to fabulous prices in the market, and my uncle calculated that I was now worth £20,000, at the very least. He was writing to me himself, and my aunt had graciously said that now I could come home if I liked, and they would try and make things comfortable for me.

I laid the letter down, and it was some time before I could quite realise its import. A few days ago a penniless boy—to-day, one with independent means! Had I not much for which to be thankful? But without experience of life and knowledge of the world there were the dangers of money—as my girl friend had pointed out. If I could not realise to the full the truth of this myself, I knew that what she said must be right—she had always been right, and her motives were disinterested. Truly, her friendship was something more precious than gold!

CHAPTER XXII.

SIOUX INDIANS ON THE WAR-PATH.

It was with a light heart I left the island next day, in the last boat, with the Inspector, Waller, and Colin Dunbar. It was difficult to think that only a few weeks before Pete and I had approached it, as curious as two children, with our stolen boat. So much had happened since then that I seemed at least a couple of years older.

The boats were hauled up high and dry by the troopers and covered with a huge tarpaulin. It was more than likely they would again be wanted in the spring. Then began our rough march over the rock and pine-covered plateau to the subterraneous ravine that led down from

MY UNCLE CALCULATED THAT I WAS NOW WORTH £20,000.

the Land of the Lost Spirits into the free and boundless prairie country. At last we stood on the long high ridge, like the ruins of a mighty wall, that stretched right on to where we would strike our point of egress. It was close upon sunset when we stood on the termination of the ridge directly above the ravine, and saw stretching out before us, like a huge coloured map, the open dun-coloured prairie. There was nothing there to shut out God's sunlight or break the course of the wandering winds as they strayed over countless leagues of rustling grasses and nodding prairie flowers — nothing, save the narrow fringe of cotton-wood trees and wolf-willow that marked the presence of some erratic creek, the haunt of the musk-rat and the beaver. How my heart went out to that great, grassy wilderness where the horizon line blended with the blue, and there were no cruel cliffs hemming one in, significant of captivity!

We dropped through the large hole at the bottom of the ravine, and wended our way by candle-light down through the long galleries and tortuous passages, until at last we stood at the foot of the crag on the bare hill side. In another quarter of an hour we stood on the site of our old camp on the creek bottom. Here we found a couple of drays and the cook's wagon awaiting us. As, however, the police horses occupied the little valley, Colin Dunbar and Waller resolved to move a couple of miles or so further down the creek and camp on the open prairie, where the two mobs of horses could be kept well apart, and there would be sufficient grass for each. To my great delight I found my old stock horse Barney in the mob. My saddle and bridle were also intact in the wagon. The rancher told me he had felt sure all along that I would turn up again, that he had my belongings kept, so that I could find them the same on my return. The only injudicious thing that perhaps he had done was to write to my uncle in the old country, acquainting him of my disappearance. He had, however, considered it his duty to do so. When we got to the ranche that could be remedied by sending a letter on to Maple Creek by special messenger.

We moved in a body down the creek after saying good-bye to our good friends the police, and pitched our camp for the night. We were up the next morning at daybreak: the wounded cow-boys were put in the wagons and we began our homeward journey. What a glorious thing it was to be again in the saddle; to feel a good horse pulsating with life underneath one, and to experience that sense of exhilaration and buoyancy which only the boundless expanse and ozone-charged air of the prairie seem to give! The rancher and I rode on ahead. There was no trail, only the springy prairie grass under our horses' feet, with here and there a bunch of sage-bush. At last the prairie began to get more broken and to roll away in a series of heights and hollows, or, as the cow-boys would have expressed it, in "buttes" and "coullees." The sky was clear as any vaunted Italian one, and the day being cool we made good progress. Indeed, so fresh were our horses that before long the fact dawned upon us that we must have left the wagons and the cow-boys far behind. The rancher had fortunately told them to camp punctually at noon under any circumstances, and lest, as we had anticipated, we found ourselves to be far in advance of the main body, we had taken the precaution of putting some cold meat and bread in our wallets.

It must have been about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and we had been jogging along side by side for some time in silence, when suddenly I caught sight of something on the opposite side of a little valley, that made me draw up quickly and utter an exclamation.

"What's the matter, Derringham?" asked the rancher, who apparently had been deep in some day-dream.

"Look over there," I exclaimed, "on the other side of the coullee—Indians!"

The rancher also pulled up, and shading his eyes with one hand looked long and anxiously.

On the brow of the valley were two picturesque figures on horse-back: Indians in the full glory of war-paint and feathers. The air was so clear that we could see them quite distinctly. Great plumes of eagles' feathers stood up crest-like over their long braided locks; white ermine tails dangled from the breasts and sleeves of their crimson flannel shirts, heavily ornamented with blue, yellow, and red beadwork. Their loose leggings were fringed and beautified in a like fashion. Both Indians, who sat as still as statues, had long rifles slung across their shoulders.

"Sioux Indians on the war-path!" exclaimed the rancher. "What on earth are they doing over on this side the lines? Up to some mischief, I'll be bound. Let's ride towards them, but keep a wary eye in your head, and your revolver ready."

The rancher waved his hand as if in greeting to the Indians, and headed his horse down the valley. But they evidently had no intention of being interviewed, for turning round they galloped off eastward. When we reached the brow of the hill they were almost out of sight. The rancher seemed not a little perplexed and troubled.

"I can't quite make it out," he observed.

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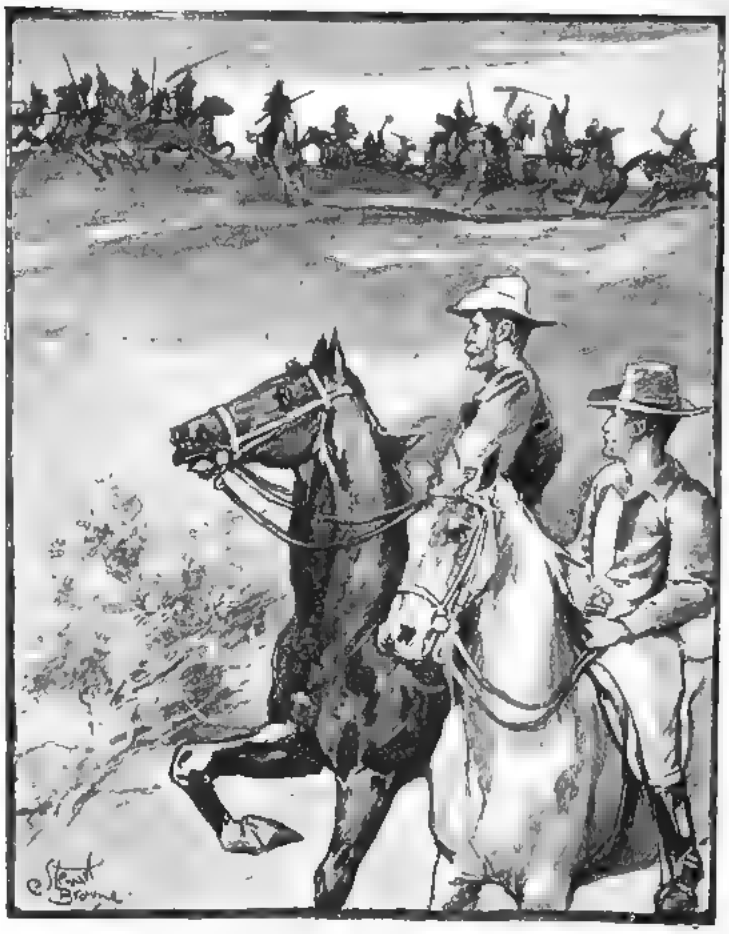
"I never saw Sioux Indians come over here yet, but what there was trouble. Either it was to stir up the Cree and Assiniboine Indians to disaffection, or it was to massacre the whites, or get some scalps from the Blood, Piegan, or Sarcee Indians. I can't think that those chaps we saw are alone. It's more than likely they are merely scouts sent out from some main body. We'd better go cautiously."

How true his words were we were not long in finding out. We kept our spirited horses well in hand, and moved along more slowly, keeping a good look-out the while. We had just reached the top of a little ridge, when, all at once, a sight that filled us with wonder and apprehension met our eyes. It was a great body of mounted Sioux Indians on the war-path. They were coming towards us in one long, straggling line—one, two, and three deep. The braves came first, resplendent in all their gorgeous and barbaric panoply of war. About half a mile behind came their camp followers, driving their *travéaux*, which consisted of a couple of poles slung across the back of a pony, the ends trailing on the ground, with cross-pieces on which rested their camping paraphernalia. A large number of half-wild dogs slunk after the cavalcade.



"RIGHT WHEEL ABOUT, AND BACK THE WAY WE CAME."

It was a picturesque sight—the savage redman of the prairie amid his natural surroundings. When we caught sight of them the foremost of the Indians was not more than a quarter of a mile distant. So struck and surprised were Colin Dunbar and myself by such a large body of warriors, that for a good couple of minutes we stood stock still in speechless wonder and admiration. For the moment we hardly paid any attention to the fact that at sight of us a number of braves broke away from the main body, urging their horses in our direction. The first thing that brought us to our senses, and a knowledge of our impending danger, was the *ping* of a rifle and a bullet that whistled over our heads. In another moment the scene was almost indescribable.

Brandishing their rifles over their heads, and whooping and yelling for all the world like a pack of hounds in full cry, a score or more of Indians came on at full gallop; their small wiry ponies covering the ground in a truly marvellous fashion. *Ping, ping, ping!* And as they sat in the saddle they levelled their rifles at us and fired. Fortunately their bullets went wide.

"By Jove, Derringham!" exclaimed the rancher, "I reckon we'd better get back to dinner at the camp. These chaps don't seem hospitably inclined. Right wheel about, and back the way we came. Our good bronchos can lay their cayuses long odds, anyhow."

We turned our horses, and, giving them their heads, started off at a rattling pace.

"There's no particular need to hurry, Derringham," observed the rancher. "All we've got to do is just to keep a certain distance in front, and we can easily do that; there's no

necessity to play our horses out. We'll be at the camp in less than an hour from now. The only thing which troubles me is that there are too many Indians about for our lot; there must be at least a couple of hundred fighting men amongst them."

This was exactly what was troubling me, for our camp did not number more than twenty men all told, and if the Sioux were bent on mischief it was extremely unlikely that the cow-boys could withstand such overwhelming odds.

Shoulder to shoulder galloped our horses, with long easy strides. They seemed as fresh as when they had set out in the morning. Down valleys and up hill-sides they tore as if possessed, and gloried in the doing of it. How their feet clattered over the stony water-courses, and how they leapt clear of the treacherous wash-outs, as if in sheer wantonness! And ever we could hear the hound-like yelp and whoop of the red men as they followed behind us, urging their ponies on to the pursuit with heels and quirt.* Every now and again some enterprising spirit amongst them would send a bullet whizzing over our heads, an earnest of what we might expect on getting within range.

"Stay with it, Derringham," cried Colin Dunbar to me cheerfully, "we've got them well in hand. It doesn't hurt us and it amuses them, so what's the odds? We'll be at the camp in no time, and that will give these jokers a bit of a surprise. They're not going to lift our scalps just yet awhile."

I think Colin Dunbar, when in what some men would call a fix, was one of the coolest hands I ever met. Turning in my saddle at the brow of a hill I looked back, expecting to see that some of our pursuers had dropped out of the running. But to my no little surprise and consternation I found that, so far from such being the case, their numbers had been considerably augmented. There were at least fifty Indians in pursuit, and they were now closer upon us than I had imagined. Away in the distance, across the valley some few miles off, I could see the main body cantering up.

"I think we'd better put on a spurt, sir," I ventured. "If you look back I think you'll see they mean business."

He looked, and gave expression to his feelings in a low whistle.

"This is slightly more than I bargained for, Derringham," he remarked. "By Jove! I don't know that if, when the main body comes up, they won't be too many for our boys. This is getting serious. Let's get a rustle on."

It was, as he had said, more than he had bargained for. He had, with his men, gone through fighting enough within the last few days to satisfy the most sanguinary-minded of men. Two cow-boys at that very moment lay badly wounded in his wagons, and now a bloody battle with one of the most warlike tribes of Indians on the North American continent was imminent. It never rained but it poured! At any other time, with sides less out of proportion, he would rather have enjoyed the excitement than otherwise. As for myself, I confess I did not care about that bloodthirsty pack at my heels. Still, I had faith in my horse, Barney, under me, knowing full well that as yet I had not pushed him, and he was comparatively fresh. He was always considered one of the "stayers" on the ranche.

And now we urged our steeds with voice and boot, and away they flew over the brown prairie. It was neck against leather truly, for should a horse stumble, or a cinch-strap give, it would be all up with us, and our scalps would dangle at the girdle of a Sioux warrior.

"Stay with it, Barney, and make sure of your footing, old boy!"

Ping! ping! ping! And the astonished Sioux, when they found that we had been merely playing with them in the matter of racing, and that they were being left behind, set up a series of wild howls, and blazed away at us with their rusty rifles.

"If only the mounted police hadn't left us," exclaimed Colin Dunbar, as we ran neck for neck, "we'd give them such a dressing-down as they never got in their lives. That's what they want badly, and unless they get it now they'll do it again."

And then when we rounded a little ridge, and when we least expected it, we rode right on to our camp, where the cow-boys were having dinner.

"We're all right now," I cried, reining in my horse.

"I'm not so sure of that," remarked Colin Dunbar, grimly; "they're five to one!"

"I wonder if the mounted police are still at their old camp?" I said.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

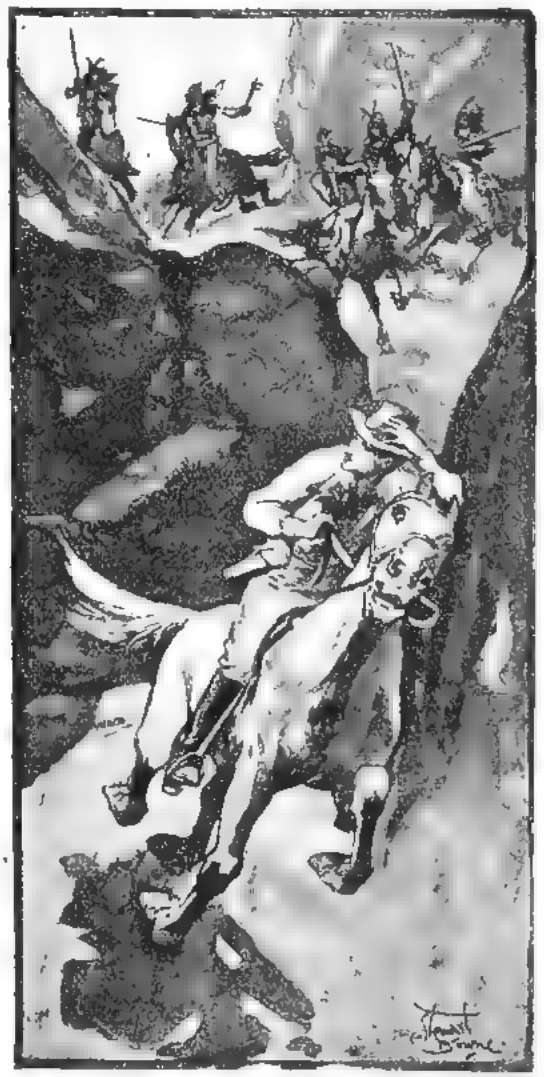
As Colin Dunbar and I galloped into the camp the cow-boys, seeing at once that some-

* Short whip.

thing was wrong, sprang to their feet and grasped their rifles. Their horses were quietly grazing on a good patch of grass on the other side of the creek; being hidden by a thick belt of cotton-wood trees, they fortunately escaped the keen eyes of the Indians.

"Now, then, boys," cried Colin Dunbar, as he drew up, "here's the Sioux down upon us. Draw up these drays and that wagon, so as to form three sides of a square. Take out the tail-boards and anything at all that will serve to make an inch of cover, and let those fellows see that one white man is worth a dozen Indians any day."

In a moment all was hurry and bustle. The two wounded men were lifted out of the drays and placed in the middle of the square. Four men ran some couple of hundred yards to the belt of cotton-wood trees, and returned with a couple of large logs, which they laid on the ground. The tail-boards were fixed in position by means of an axe and some tent-pegs, and every preparation for a laager was speedily made. Colin Dunbar had jumped off his horse and was himself assisting.



A RACE FOR LIFE.

An idea had suggested itself to me, and its origin was in the question I had asked the rancher as to whether he thought the police had yet moved their camp or not. Colin Dunbar had said he feared the Indians might prove too many for the cow-boys, which, of course, meant that he considered a wholesale massacre not improbable. If the police had not shifted camp they were not more than ten miles away at that moment. There were between twenty and thirty of them, and if they could only come to the rescue, they would give the Sioux such a lesson as they never had before. For even the sight of a red-coated mounted policeman is more than enough for most Indians. Being all men of superior physique, splendid riders, good shots, and mostly dare-devils, the red-man has found to his cost more than once that he was not to be played with. What was to prevent me going back to our old camp in search of them, and bringing them to the assistance of the cow-boys? The latter could at least hold out for some hours, and in less than two I would be back again.

It would be a risky thing to do, truly, for if the police had shifted camp and I could not pick up their trail quickly, the chances were that the Indians, some of whom were pretty sure to follow me up, would eventually run me down. But it was better to risk my life in a cause that commended itself to all that was best in me, than to remain inactive and perhaps witness the total extinction of our party. I knew that if she, my girl friend, whose good opinion I had of late at least striven to deserve, were asked to decide upon my course of action, she would unhesitatingly have told me to think of others first, even if it carried with it my death sentence. My mind was made up — I would delay no longer. Going over to where Pete was, I briefly communicated to him my intentions, and turned my horse's head so as to be off before they could stop me. As I rode away I could hear Pete stammer out:—

"I say! Look here, Wally, old stocking——"

The rancher cried:—

"Derringham, where in all the earth are you going to?"

"To the police camp for help," I shouted back. "Barney's fresh, and I'll be there in no time. Stand them off till I come back."

Just at that moment I heard a wild series of whoops, and looking over my shoulder saw a large body of Indians come sweeping round a wave-like piece of rising ground at full gallop. They did not make straight for the laager of the cow-boys, but, as is the custom in Indian warfare, they spread out in single file in order to close in upon their intended victims by describing a series of ever narrowing circles round the camp. Their horsemanship was admirable. Some of them seemed to lie flat on their bare-backed steeds, while others, twining their long legs round the necks of their ponies, leant back on the near side, and fired shot after shot at the enemy, so that from the camp the riders could hardly be detected. And all this while they were riding at full gallop! Then I heard the ring of Colin Dunbar's Winchester, and I had the satisfaction of seeing a horse, with its Indian rider, fall headlong on the prairie. It was quite evident that, for some considerable time at least, the cow-boys could very well take care of themselves. But I had heard of the courage and dogged pertinacity of the Sioux warriors, and I knew that not until the greater number of them had bitten the dust were they likely to cease the attack.

"Now then, Barney!" I cried. "Give them a lead!" And in another moment I was off in real earnest.

Tally-ho! It was a glorious race, and my blood warmed to the work. I could hear the yells of the Indians as they saw me set out on my lonely ride, and I knew that two or three of the braves had left the main body so as to follow me up. "Let them all come!" The more of them the better: it would relieve the attack upon the camp, and it would be a most impressive piece of melodrama to ride into the mounted police camp with a score or so of Sioux Indians at my heels. The police would be surprised, but the Sioux would be still more so. They would wish they had stayed quietly at home in their wigwams to abuse the squaws.

"Stay with it, Barney! Show these wild bronchos of the plains what a difference a drop of good blood makes in the spirit and in the staying power!"

Barney shook his head, tossed his mane, and settled down to his work as if he thoroughly understood what was required of him. *Tally-ho!* A spin with a good pack of hounds across country is all very well, but a ride for life on a half-bred broncho across the trackless prairie with a pack of yelling Sioux Indians at one's heels is excitement enough to satisfy the most jaded palate. *Tally-ho! Yoicks!* It is an odd experience to find one's self in the place of the fox, straining every nerve and muscle so as to get clear away, and wondering if there will be a chance of trying conclusions with the first hunter who is in at the death.

On, and still on, over the rustling prairie grass and glaucous-hued sage-bush; over the bare, white alkali flats, and over the flint-strewn water-courses. What a devil's tattoo the hoofs beat on the dry bed of the creek; and what an unearthly yelling goes up from the human pack of hounds as poor Barney stumbles over a partially concealed badger-hole, and comes down on his knees, sending me spinning over his head! Surely my scalp is already as good as hanging at the belt of the Sioux brave who is in the lead!

I pick myself up, quicker than ever I picked myself up in my life, rush to my horse, and catch it by the bridle rein. But the Sioux warrior is right on top of me. I can see the flecks of foam upon his reeking steed, and the pulsating of its red nostrils. There is a blood-thirsty glitter in the Sioux's brown, almond-shaped eyes, and his rifle is brought to his shoulder. Have I to suffer death at the hands of a redskin after all? Not if I can help it!

Before he can pull the trigger my large-sized Colt's is drawn from its pouch, and levelled full at his head. Next moment he throws up his arms, and comes down all of a heap over his horse's neck.

Bang, bang! And two bullets whiz past, perilously close to my head. Throwing myself on Barney's back, I dig my heels into his sides, and off he goes again like the wind. There is a mad clatter of hoofs behind me, as with voice and lash the Indians make a great effort to run me down. If they catch me now, it is not the friendly bullet that will do the final work, but the stake and the lingering tortures of fire and knife.

"Stay with it, Barney. Give them a heat for it, my boy!"

And shaking his head and mane again my plucky steed strikes out as if with new life. But there is an Indian close at my heels who will not be shaken off. He is some young brave, who, having only just passed through the ordeal of the sun-dance, is anxious to distinguish himself by lifting his first scalp. It is a meritorious ambition no doubt, but that scalp shall not be mine! Unless I stop him he may stop me, by sending a bullet through my back at any moment. It is no time for sentiment.

I draw my revolver again, turn in my saddle,

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and not a moment too soon, for he is close upon me. But the gaudily bedecked youth seems such a youth no older, I fancy, than myself—that even in the heat of pursuit it is not in my heart to risk killing him. Lowering the muzzle of my revolver, I pull the trigger, and his horse lurches forward wildly with a bullet through its brain, and the young brave measures his length upon the prairie. He will have to defer taking scalps until a more convenient season. But I feel glad that I did not kill him.

And now I pass the camp of the previous night, two miles more and I shall know my fate. What if the police have left? But I had heard the police officer say that he thought a day's rest after the rough journey over the plateau would do the wounded men good; I can only hope that he continued to think so.

One mile more, and I enter the little valley. If the police are not in it, then I am caught like a rat in a trap, and my scalp may dangle after all at the girdle of the Sioux. I hear the jubilant voices of the hounds behind me as they laugh to themselves over the simple manner in which I have run myself to earth. My heart sinks within me as I look up and down the little valley. There is sign of neither man nor horse in that lonely spot! The mounted police must have shifted camp after all! Oh, the bitterness of that moment!

But I push on, round the belt of cotton-wood trees, and there, in a group with horses saddled and carbines slung across horn of saddle, and all ready to draw out of camp, are my good friends the North-West Mounted Police. With a wild shout of joy I gallop up to them. In another minute three redskins come tearing round the bend.

"The Sioux Indians!" I cried. "They have attacked the camp, and if you don't hurry up it will be too late!"

"Prepare to mount!" cried the officer.

In another moment every man was in the saddle with his rifle in his hand. And then, with an ironic cheer, the police advanced to welcome the sorely astonished Indians.

I do not think that ever in my life I saw a foe so taken aback. They had ridden right into the lion's mouth with a vengeance. The police spread out on either side of them, and literally, before one could say "Jack Robinson," they were surrounded. But Sioux Indians are not so easily taken prisoners. They pulled up their reeking ponies and gazed about them in astonishment, then, realising what had happened, caught up their rifles. But the moment they did so three Winchesters rang out, and the Indians were flung over their horses' heads.

It was a great pity to have to shoot their horses, but, perhaps, it was better than shooting the Indians. Two of them, when they had risen to their feet, allowed their rifles to lie on the ground, and threw up their hands in token of submission. But the third Indian, who had stuck to his rifle, was in the act of putting it to his shoulder to aim at a trooper, when *ping!* and he dropped it again with a bullet through his arm. In almost less time than it takes to write it, the two Indians were handcuffed together and left in charge of the teamsters.

"Better take that spare horse, Derringham," cried the officer, "and go with us. It is just possible we might strike the wrong branch of the creek or something of that sort. I daresay you're tired, but you've got to make an effort."

I was indeed tired, but I flung my saddle on the horse the teamster had picketed hard by, and handed him my plucky little Barney. The officer waited until I had mounted, and then we cantered after the troopers.

Then it was back again the way I had come only a few minutes before. Truly, it was a strange turn in Fortune's wheel; but of late so many startling events had followed so closely on one another that I had almost ceased to wonder at anything, and took whatever came as a matter of course.

The officer and I took the lead, and away we went at a swinging gallop. Our horses were fresh, and as the mounts of the North-West Mounted Police are the best to be had in Canada, we covered the ground in splendid fashion. But would we be in time to succour the cow-boys from their perilous position? Twenty cow-boys were all very well, but when it came to a hundred and fifty Sioux Indians and more, the odds were against the cow-boys. Still, knowing that I had gone for help, it was not unlikely that Colin Dunbar and Waller would simply act on the defensive, and not allow their men to expose themselves more than they could help. Having plenty of ammunition and being good marksmen, it was more than likely that they had succeeded in sending many good Indians to the happy hunting grounds beyond the blood-red sunsets.

We passed the spot where I had shot the pony under the young brave, but that gentleman himself was not to be seen. He was doubtless travelling down the creek to join his comrades, in cover of the undergrowth, inventing some plausible lie to account for the disappearance of his steed. Then we passed the riderless horse of the Sioux Indian I shot. It was grazing peacefully within a few hundred yards of the spot where lay the body of its master. The sight saddened me, and I confess the congratulations of the police inspector jarred on my ears

AND WITH A RINGING CHEER THE POLES DASHED FORWARD (See page 588)

painfully. But it had been the Sioux's own doing; I had only acted in self-defence, and the lives of others depended on my safety.

At this place, I pointed out to the officer that it would be as well to cross the creek, and ride down it on the other side in cover of the timber, as otherwise the Indians would see us coming and make off. It was necessary to teach them a drastic lesson if we wanted to live in that part of the country with any degree of safety. We crossed over and rode on in silence. Soon we could hear the sharp ring of rifles and the whoops of the Indians. It was with a sense of relief that we became aware of the fact that the fight still continued. Had there been silence we might have feared the worst. We passed the little herd of horses belonging to the cow-boys, and were glad to think they had not been driven off by the Sioux. When nearly opposite the spot where the unequal fight was going on, we re-crossed the creek, and, forcing our way through the timber, halted a moment to take our bearings and prepare for the surprise of the enemy.

It was a striking and significant sight that met our gaze. Riding in a great circle round the entrenched position of the cow-boys was a large body of Indians. As we afterwards learned, they had tried more than once to rush in upon the position of our friends, but each time had been met by a fire so deadly and so withering that they had been forced to retire and take up a position some few hundred yards distant in cover of some rising ground, where they could rest and prepare for another attack. With the exception of one or two slight casualties, the cow-boys had held their own; but their ammunition was becoming exhausted. Unless help came within the next half hour or so, their last cartridge would be expended, and their lives forfeited to the pertinacity of the Sioux warrior. It was quite evident that, maddened by the loss of several of their comrades, the Indians meant to force their position by sheer strength of numbers. And now they had begun the attack again, and were closing in with an ever-lessening circle upon the wagons. It was high time for the police to act.

"Now then, men, to the rescue of our friends," cried the officer; "and let those redskins see that they cannot play at this sort of game with Britishers with impunity. First give them a volley at two hundred yards standing. Pick your men if you can, and take care of the wagons. At the word of command you will mount, and give it them hot. Now then —*Dismount. Fire!*"

And five-and-twenty rifles belched forth a hot volley.

"Now then, prepare to mount. *Mount!*"

And with a ringing cheer the police dashed forward.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

When the police fired a volley standing at the circling Sioux, several of them reeled in the saddle and fell headlong from their horses. Still, it was such an unaccountable surprise that for the moment the main body of horsemen continued their wild career. They could hardly realise what had happened. When, however, the police charged upon the Indians in *echelon*, meeting the whirling horde as it came round man by man, they realised. They were taken at a disadvantage, for to meet a foe face to face was hardly in their programme. They could not stop their onward course to take careful aim, and so those who pluckily raised their rifles to fire upon the police made but poor shooting. One police horse was all they managed to shoot. On the other hand, the troopers, when they came abreast of their enemies, suddenly pulled up, and each picked off his man as coolly as if practising at the butts. At the same moment the cow-boys—who had up till now been lying flat on the ground behind their cover, firing a volley into the Indians whenever they attempted to carry the position by storm—rose in a body, and poured their last round into the wavering Indians.

That settled the matter; one or two of them, with the well-known intrepidity of the Sioux, made a bold dash at the new-comers, and strove by voice and action to rally their comrades. But it was a foolhardy and futile endeavour. They had not advanced many yards before they fell headlong to earth, and their riderless steeds went careering over the prairie. They drew together in a little body, and prepared to resist the police—for even now they outnumbered their adversaries by three to one. But before they could reload and do any harm, their antagonists, with a wild cheer, charged in amongst them, and scattered them right and left. It was the old story of the disciplined few against the undisciplined many.

One trooper in the meantime had run up the horses of the cow-boys; a supply of ammunition was speedily served out to them, and mounting their horses bare-backed, the cow-boys joined their allies the police. The Sioux warriors were so much amazed at this sudden rallying of their intended victims, that the inevitable demoralisation set in, and soon they were in full flight.

But their ponies were now tired, while the mounts of their pursuers were comparatively fresh. Never were braves on the warpath so thoroughly discomfited and routed as these were.

Away they went, helter-skelter, with the police and the cow-boys at their heels. Away over the rolling prairie; down into deep creek bottoms—where the forces of nature must have been going on for countless ages to make such scars on the surface of an old ocean-bed—and again up steep hill-sides, where startled coveys of prairie chickens, that had been strutting about in the sunshine, flew away with a whirr at their approach. Away, amongst wave-like heights and hollows, where timid bands of antelope stood at gaze for a minute or two, with that remarkable spirit of curiosity which those shy creatures evince, before bounding off again with the fleetness that no horse can equal.

Such of the Indians as resisted arrest were promptly disabled or killed. In most cases they had their horses shot under them, and a few men coming up behind made them give up their arms, which were at once smashed to pieces over rocks and stones, to save further trouble. The owners were herded together as prisoners. It was a sad down-come for the high-spirited cavalcade that Colin Dunbar and I had seen that morning riding over the prairie in the bright sunshine, in the full glory of war-paint and feathers

The pursuit continued till well on in the afternoon; only one or two thoroughly exhausted and badly-scared Indians succeeded in escaping. They rode back foodless by weary stages to their own country, in the neighbourhood of Pine Ridge, to warn their fellows against again venturing into the country of the red-coats. The other Indian prisoners were next day taken under escort of mounted policemen into the fort, from which place a wire was sent to the American authorities, by way of the Rocky Mountain Telegraph Company's line, to Fort Assiniboine. From there a troop of cavalry was sent to take the Indians back to their own country, for John Bull and Uncle Sam, on either side of the lines, have always worked most cordially and harmoniously together in order to preserve peace and order in the vast territory under their respective charges.

It was long after sun-down when the last policeman returned to camp, with a tired horse, the significant trophy of a beautifully wrought and beaded head-dress, and a pouch for holding "kinakinnik"—a species of dried willow bark which the Indians use as tobacco. The reunion between the police and the cow-boys was most cordial and one for congratulations. Owing to the prompt and effective measures which Colin Dunbar and his men had taken to protect themselves from the fire of the Indians, they had in no way suffered, unless one or two slight casualties from spent bullets and ricochets could be taken into account. But the police had not arrived a minute too soon, and when I thought of the part I had played in helping to prevent what would have doubtless been a terrible catastrophe to my friends, I experienced a sense of satisfaction such as I had rarely before known.

If I had wandered away in a spirit of idle curiosity into the Land of the Lost Spirits and occasioned them much inconvenience in searching for me, I had at least helped to break up a gang of desperadoes whose illegal doings had for long been a curse to the country. Moreover, and I say it in all humility and with the full consciousness of my youth and inexperience, I had been largely instrumental in bringing about a sharp reprisal on a dangerous body of Indians, whose bloody raids had long been a menace to a comparatively unprotected country. Now, it was pretty safe to say, such raids would not be likely to occur again.

Colin Dunbar and Waller were jubilant; such a lesson as had been taught the Indians, who had for years been killing their men and running off their horses and cattle, had long been desired, without any hope of realisation; but now the much-needed lesson was an accomplished fact, and a lengthy period of peace and security were assured. The rancher had taken me on one side when I returned to the camp, for I was too played-out to go in pursuit of the Indians, and putting one hand on my shoulder, said:—

"Derringham, it's no use saying much, but I think you've more than earned the right to purchase that interest in the station you spoke about. You'll have it as soon as we get back to the ranche, and at a price that no one will be able to call in question. Should the money never be forthcoming it won't matter in the very least, for I've no one else to give anything to, and I've much more than I'll ever require."

I thanked him and felt there was at least someone who considered that, so far, my short career had not been without some measure of success. I determined that the satisfaction born of the knowledge of something accomplished would not be allowed to die for want of a little effort in the future.

That night it was very cold and the stars gleamed brightly in the blue. We had moved our camp close to the creek amongst the cottonwood trees for shelter, and till night the police

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and cow-boys sat round the great camp-fires talking and recalling incidents of the attack and pursuit. I was so dead tired, however, that I had soon to seek my blankets, and fell sound asleep almost as soon as my head touched the bundle of dried grass, tied up in my towel, which served me for a pillow. I did not dream of being pursued by yelling Indians, but of a beautiful old house in a quiet English county, where life went smoothly on from day to day, sweetly and peacefully as a summer's dream, but where the people did not realise it because they had never known anything else. I had not realised it once upon a time, but I did now. Truly, as Colin Dunbar had said, the enjoyment of things is largely a comparative quality.

I LOOKED OUT OF THE WINDOW TO WHERE, FAR OFF, I COULD SEE THE VALLEY RUN DOWN INTO THE PRAIRIE.

That night a picket-guard of five men kept watch over the prisoners. Next morning several of the cow-boys accompanied the police to assist them in conveying the prisoners into the fort. Colin Dunbar, Waller, and I pushed on to the ranche, which we made on the following day. There was nothing to fear now, for the only lot of dangerous Indians who were likely to do any harm had been broken up. How comfortable and home-like did the roomy dwelling house at the ranche seem after the rough state of affairs I had of late experienced! There were my slender belongings just as they had been left, only it seemed years since I had seen them instead of only a few weeks.

There was a letter awaiting me from my uncle, Gilbert Derringham. It was quite a long one for him to write, and couched in kindly language. He regretted that I had thought it necessary to leave "The Cedars" as I did, but that was now a thing of the past, and need not be referred to again. He told me of my good fortune in regard to the Queensland mine, and said, as those whose opinion was most valued by me said, that, although I was now practically independent, if my heart was in my work it would be a fatal mistake to give it up to lead an aimless existence. My friend, Muriel Wray, had hinted that I might like to purchase, if it were possible, an interest in the ranche of my friend, Mr. Dunbar. He thought it a good idea. A couple of years' work would give me a better title to the dignity of manhood. At the end of that time it would be advisable for me to pay a visit to the Old Country. In the meantime, as my trustee, he would see to my affairs. My aunt and cousins desired to be remembered to me.

Upon the whole it was a satisfactory letter, although I smiled on reading the message from my aunt and cousins. Well, the world taught me that it was better at times to forget certain things.

That night Colin Dunbar and I had a long talk as to our future plans. Much as I loved the Old Country I recognised the truth of what my friend said—that at least a couple of years spent in the life I had taken such a fancy to would do me all the good in the world. At the end of that time I could take a trip home, and then circumstances would decide as to my future course of action. Colin Dunbar told me of his project to increase his stock and make the ranche one of the largest affairs of the kind in the province. It would be a good investment for any little money I might put into it. In two years, he reckoned, the value of property and stock would experience a great increase. Next day, he said, he was writing to my uncle concerning me, and promised to mention the matter. I ventured to express the hope that in

the event of Cook, the foreman on the ranche, leaving, he—the rancher—might consider my friend, Broncho Pete, worthy of the position. Whereupon he said that Cook was leaving, and he considered that Pete was indeed the best man for the position. When I afterwards told that rough diamond of my impending connection with the ranche, and, by way of a joke, expressed the hope that I would prove a good "boss" to him, there was a twinkle in his business eye.

"You'll *have* to be, Wally, old stocking," he remarked, "and you bet I'll see to it."

And he was as good as his word, but then Pete was different from anyone else

Next morning I wrote to my uncle, and then, with a sense of pleasure that, I confess, letter writing seldom gave me, began a long letter to my girl friend, Muriel Wray. There was, indeed, much to tell her, but I purposely passed over what was likely to make her apprehensive as to my future safety. The rancher had advanced me a draft for her loan of twenty pounds, which I now enclosed. She must take my thanks for that on trust; it was so difficult to express one's sense of gratitude in words. I had read her letter more than once, and felt that what she advised me was the right thing to do; I had, indeed, already taken steps to do it. I told her a good deal about my friend, Colin Dunbar, and of his kindness to me. I also told her of Broncho Pete, and of his heroism while in the hands of the smugglers. I was surely privileged to enjoy the company of such men—men whose conceptions of life had been ennobled by its dangers and difficulties. I told her of the rancher's plans, and what we intended doing. I liked the life, but questioned the wisdom of remaining away too long from civilisation. Two years would soon pass, and I would come back to the Old Country again. She had been such a good friend to me all along that I hoped our friendship would continue in the future. If she would write every month I would write to her. It made such a difference in one's life to feel that there was someone who really had an interest in it. It was not because I had no one else to write to, but because I thought we had a good deal in common and were meant to be friends.

A few months before I would not have admitted as much, but a good deal had happened since then, and I now saw things differently.

I finished my letter, and lifting my eyes from the paper, looked out of the window to where, far off, I could see the valley run down into the prairie and wander away towards the dim horizon line. And as I looked a shadowy face rose up before me. Gradually it grew upon the sight and took form and colour. It was a beautiful face that looked out from amid the wealth of falling hair, which, flooded by a shaft of sunlight, gleamed like burnished gold. The soft brown eyes looked into mine, and the pure soul of the girl shone through them. They lit up as with a promise of glad expectancy, and there was a smile upon the lips. Then the face wavered and vanished into air. But I knew that in the spirit my friend had been with me.

John Mackie.

[Mr John Mackie, Author of "The Heart of the Prairie," sailed for South Africa in January with the Imperial Yeomanry. As a fine writer, a brave man, and a thorough good fellow, we wish him the best of luck and a safe return!—Ed. "Captain."]

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"CAPTAIN" CHESS CORNER.

The prize of 10s. 6d. is awarded to R. H. BRENT CLARK, Holborn House, Pembroke Dock.

The second prize (Vol. I. THE CAPTAIN) to W. W. BURKETT, 11, Comerford Road, Brockley, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION D. C Woodhouse, J. F. Hay, C. B. Joyner, "J. K. M.," L. Thomas, J. A. Rose, A. A. Elkin, B. Heastie, J. H. Bletsoe, A. G. McLean, A. E. A. Searle, F. Baird, J. F. Snow, N. A. Brown, R. D. Crum, H. Burton, F. H. E. Leonard, A J. Head.

More than fifty competitors gave R Q8 as the key-move, but R KKt8 prevents mate then. A few did not state their ages

Please note.—All answers to be sent on postcards in future.

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COMPETITION FOR MARCH.

THE solution of the problem in the February number is as follows:—(1) Q—Q6, followed by (5) K—B5. Black King may be at Ksq, Ktsq, Rsq, B2, Kt2, or R2. From any of these positions mate in three is possible.

Competitors must play through the subjoined game.

	WHITE.	BLACK.		WHITE.	BLACK
1	P K4	P—K4	12.	P—Q5	Kt K4
2	Kt QB3	Kt QB3	13.	Q—Q4	K—Ktsq
3	P B4	P×P	14.	Kt—Kt6	P×Kt
4	P Q4	Q—R5(ch)	15.	Q×P	B K2
5	K K2	P—Q3	16.	P R4	Kt KB3
6	Kt B3	B—KKt5	17.	P—R5	KKt—Q2
7.	B×P	B×Kt(ch)	18	Q—Kt3	R—QBsq
8	P×B	Q×B	19.	P R6	P—QKt3
9.	Kt—Q5	Q R5	20.	P—R7(ch)	K—Rsq
10.	Kt×P(ch)	K—Qsq	21.	K—Qsq	Q—B7
11.	Kt×R	K—Bsq	22.	B QR6	Kt×P
			23.	Q—B3	Resigns

Now answer the following questions on postcards:—

A.—If 23 R×Q, how can White mate in three?

B.—If 23 R—B2, why must White not reply by 24 Q×R?

C.—If 23 R—B2, how can White mate in two or in three?

D.—If 23 R—Qsq, how can White mate in two?

E.—If 23 K×P, how can White mate in four?

For fully correct answers to these questions seventeen marks will be awarded. Remember that the highest scorer in each class gets the prize and his score is then cancelled, and he starts next month at zero. Every competitor adds to his score each month until he is the highest scorer, when he gets the prize. I shall keep a careful record of the scores, but space will not allow of my printing them each month. On receipt of an addressed reply-postcard, however, I shall be pleased to send any competitor his score. I hope competitors will quite understand that the gaining of a prize is merely a question of time and perseverance. Don't write the questions; merely prefix the letter —A, B, C, etc.—to the answer.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R Fletcher—Add to your two solutions a third, viz.:—If 1 P—Kt3 then 2 B×P mate. Don't like the tone of your letter. THE CAPTAIN comps. are nothing if they are not absolutely fair

O. M. Wilberforce, and Others.—Solution not full enough.

R. T. Druitt.—Problem not up to the mark. Thanks, all the same

A. A. Elkins.—Thanks for your kind wishes

R. M. Morley.—Tarts will have to wait! B×Q is not mate

J. A. Rose.—b2. R×Q mate is wrong

Draught Player.—Black cannot win

Lalla Rookh.—Yes, give White's first move, and then all possible replies of Black

"A Chess Captainito." Thanks for your letter. "A mate in three" must not take more than three

H. Burton.—Shall not always give "problems"

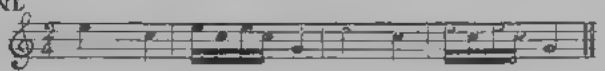
A. Bonce.—Don't send coupons on post cards

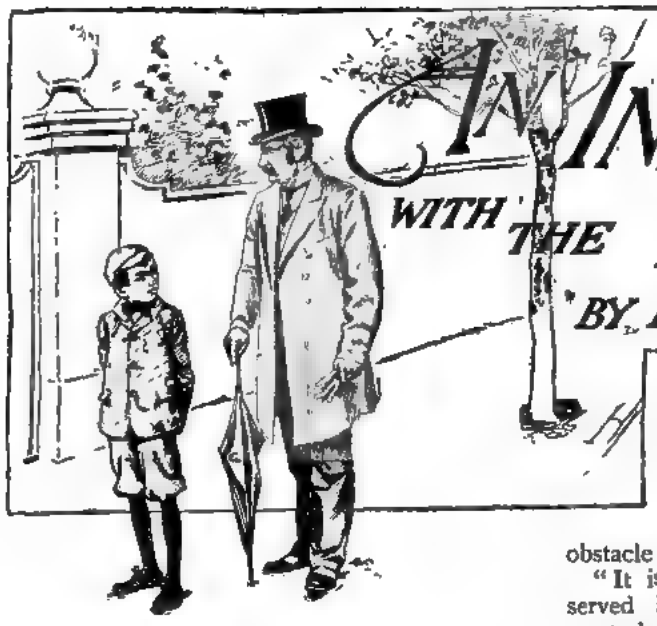
P. Samuel.—No!

P. Y. P N. You will notice new age classes and conditions

THE CHESS EDITOR.

EXTENT





AN INTERVIEW WITH THE DOCTOR

BY H. ST. JOHN SEAMER.

The counterpart of Lower Rosemount Road is to be found in any of the outer suburbs that ring round the metropolis at a respectful distance. On each side a row of adolescent trees, carefully trimmed into the semblance of those whose symmetrical proportions adorned the toy-boxes of our infancy, intervened between the roadway and the side-walk, the brown line of their trunks broken at long intervals by a chocolate-tinted lamp-post. The houses—each bearing some inappropriate, but high-sounding title—for the most part lay back to back, in pairs, behind straggling shrubs and iron railings painted bronze or olive green; but here and there one stood in its own grounds, as though too proud to rest in contact even with the ultra-respectability and conscious virtue of its neighbours.

A pompous, middle-aged gentleman, accompanied, with evident reluctance, by an ill-developed, unhealthy-looking boy in knicker-bockers, turned the corner, and began moving hesitatingly along the empty road, pausing from time to time to examine the inscription on a gateway, or the name upon a brass plate. From their conversation, they clearly stood to one another in the relation of father and son.

"Lancelot," the elder of the two was saying, "are you sure that you cannot recollect the number of the house? Its name was certainly Rugby, or Harrow—or something of the kind."

"Quite sure, pa," whimpered Lancelot, hoping against hope that this might prove an insuperable obstacle to the success of their quest.

"It is a most annoying circumstance," observed his father. "Fortunately the head-master's name is an uncommon one. If there were anyone to ask," he continued, halting to look up and down the empty length of street, "I feel sure that he would be able at once to inform me of Dr. Wragge's address, especially as, from the prospectus which he sent us, his school must be a particularly well-known one, attended as it is by the sons of gentry, and even scions of our aristocracy."

At that moment a boy, carrying a basket on his arm, made his appearance at the gate of one of the houses opposite. Leaving his son for a moment alone, Mr. Tweedie hurried across the road to intercept this heaven-sent guide, and interrogated him forthwith as to the exact locality where Dr. Wragge had fixed his abode.

The boy only waited to hear the name.

"Dr. Wragge, sir? Yessir. Know 'im well, sir. Number 57, just past the second lamp-post. You can't mistake the 'ouse, sir. There is 'is name on the gate."

Mr. Tweedie received this information with exuberant thankfulness, and returned quickly to the side of his son, who had taken advantage of his parent's absence to burst into a flood of tears.

"Come, come, Lancelot," said Mr. Tweedie, patting the boy upon the shoulder, "there is no occasion for you to take the matter so much to heart. Remember, it is to your best interests that you should go to school, where you will mix with other boys of your own age, and learn your powers. Miss Griffyn herself has said that you have now reached an age when a

governess' supervision ought to cease. I am sure that you will return from your first term's experience holding widely different sentiments from those which you are now displaying so openly. Come, dry your eyes, my boy, and look forward cheerfully to the pleasures of congenial companionship before you. One's school-days are the happiest in one's life."

The lie ran glibly off his tongue, and taking his son, whose weeping had by this time subsided into an occasional snuffle, by the arm, he walked quickly in the direction indicated to him by the boy.

"This must be the house," he said at last, as a burst of voices reached his ear coming from the rear of a house, wholly detached, and rather larger than the rest. "The doctor evidently has boarders who stay with him through the holidays."

A glance at the ample brass plate and its brief inscription, "Dr. Wragge," decided him, and, opening the gate, he led his son along the gravelled carriage-sweep and up the steps, where he halted, and delivered a sounding rap upon the door with the massive brass knocker.

The door opened, as it were automatically, and a man in quasi-livery appeared.

"I have an appointment with Dr. Wragge," said Mr. Tweedie, handing in his card.

"Step in, sir," said the man. "This way, sir. You have an appointment, I think you said? Dr. Wragge will be disengaged in a minute."

Mr. Tweedie and his son were ushered into a moderate-sized room, plainly furnished as a study. A writing-table occupied the bay window. Before it stood a revolving chair. The recesses on each side of the fireplace, which was surmounted by a pier glass in a gilded frame, contained book-cases, whose shelves were crowded with learned-looking volumes of every size and coloured binding. Two plaster busts gazed superciliously from the top of these at three framed and glazed diplomas, as imposing and as utterly illegible as those documents usually are, which hung upon the opposite wall above another long, low book-case. A saddle-bag easy chair was drawn up to the fireplace, although at this season of the year the grate was empty. Two or three dining-room chairs, and an occasional-table against the wall behind the door completed the tale of furniture.

"This is evidently the head master's study, Lancelot," remarked Mr. Tweedie, as the man withdrew and left them alone. "I hope," he added, with an elephantine attempt at humour, "that your future acquaintance with its interior may never be more physically painful to you than the present, eh?"

He chuckled at his little joke; but Lancelot, although he but half understood the allusion, was inclined to resent a jest at such a time, and displayed, by more frequent snufflings, an alarming tendency to relapse into tears.

This tendency was nipped in the bud by the entrance of Dr. Wragge, a cheery, white-whiskered individual, wearing the semi-clerical attire sometimes affected by professional men, and a benevolent pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

He stepped briskly into the room, and cordially shook hands with Mr. Tweedie.

"Good afternoon," he said, "good afternoon. Pray be seated. And your son, too," he added, as the youth in question still remained standing awkwardly by his father's side. "It *is* your son, I presume?"

"Your presumption is perfectly correct, Dr. Wragge," replied Mr. Tweedie, clearing his throat, and taking a seat on one of the dining-room chairs. The doctor had meanwhile turned the writing-chair round on its pivot, and now leant back in it facing his visitors. "It is of him that I wished to speak to you."

"Ah!" said the doctor, in a non-committal tone of voice.

"I wish to place him under your charge," continued Mr. Tweedie. "It has become increasingly clear that he can no longer remain at home."

"Dear me!" interjected the doctor, regarding the unhappy Lancelot, who had perched himself on the extreme edge of a chair, and sat dangling his legs, with sympathetic interest. "Don't you think that he is rather young?"

"Not at all, not at all!" exclaimed Mr. Tweedie. "He is nine years old. I was barely seven when I left home under similar circumstances."

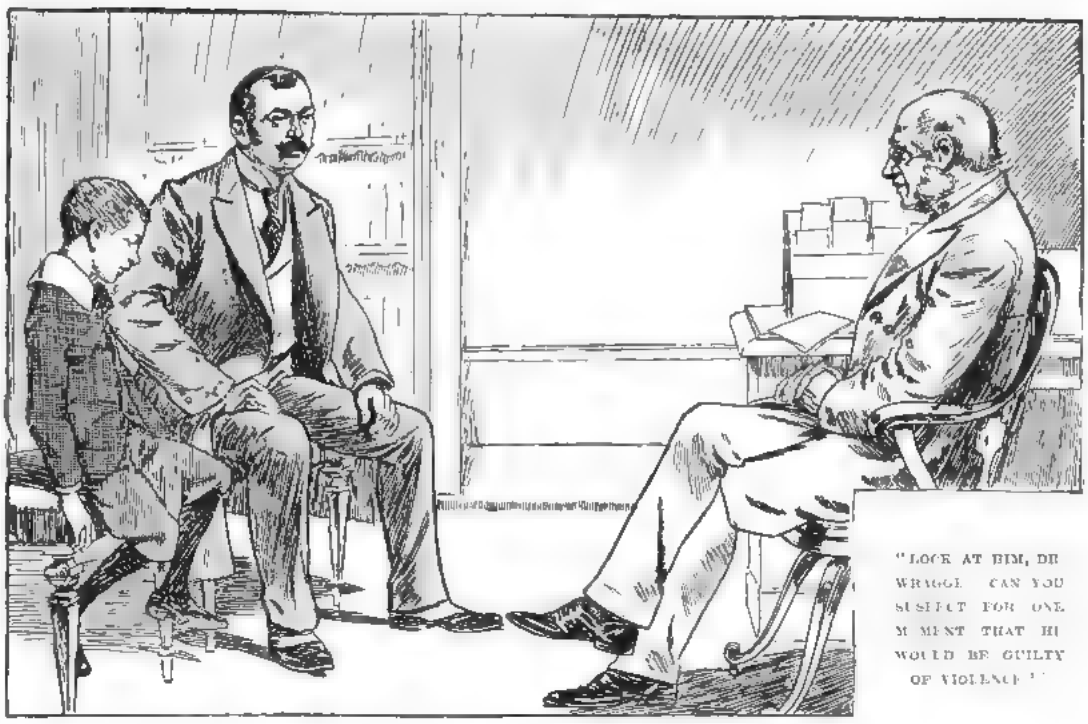
"Ah!" said the doctor, with an air of enlightenment, "he takes after his father."

Mr. Tweedie's glance rested on his son—a glance full of paternal pride.

"I trust," he said, with modest evasion, "that Lancelot will do his father credit. You will find him not altogether devoid of intelligence. Rather slow, perhaps, but sure. And I would prefer that he was not pressed overmuch in his studies. A willing horse, you know, doctor."

The comparison was scarcely borne out by Lancelot's appearance and attitude. A less worthy animal rather suggested itself. The doctor smiled.

"He shall receive every attention," he hastened to assure Mr. Tweedie, "though he will be by far the youngest of our boarders. Of course, his education will not be neglected, but in these cases that is not everything."



"LOOK AT HIM, DR WRAGGE. CAN YOU SUSPECT FOR ONE MOMENT THAT HE WOULD BE GUILTY OF VIOLENCE?"

"No. Games, I suppose, play a considerable part——"

"Certainly. Experience has shown that fresh air and ample exercise is of the greatest value. I have not the slightest doubt but that after he has been left in our hands an improvement will be almost immediately perceptible."

"I am delighted to hear you say so. Of course, you hardly see him at his best at the present moment. He is naturally a trifle low-spirited."

"Melancholia?" suggested the doctor.

"No," said Mr. Tweedie, "I should hardly put it as strongly as that. Usually, he is of a most cheerful disposition."

"I understand perfectly," said the doctor. "Come here, my little man," he added coaxingly, turning towards the boy.

"Shan't," replied Lancelot sulkily.

"Come, Lancelot," urged his father, "come and make the acquaintance of Dr. Wragge."

"I-I don't w-w-want to," snivelled the boy.

"But I insist," said Mr. Tweedie, with all the firmness of a Maître Labori. "You should be ashamed of behaving so rudely to the man who is to be a second father to you."

"I don't think we need press him," interposed the doctor. "His present condition is sufficient excuse."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Tweedie, seizing eagerly upon the explanation offered by the doctor. "It will be the first occasion on which he has left home. With your experience of such cases you will easily understand what that means to the boy."

The doctor bowed.

"By the way," continued Mr. Tweedie, "there are a few questions which I should like to ask. In the matter of diet, for instance—my own recollections are not of the brightest."

"You need have no fear on that score, Mr. Tweedie. An insufficient or monotonous dietary would tend to retard progress, and nowadays we cannot afford to do anything that might produce that effect."

"There are no restrictions, I take it?"

"Certainly not. Quantity and quality alike leave nothing to be desired."

Mr. Tweedie gravely nodded his satisfaction.

"Then, as to discipline—corporal punishment?"

The doctor waved the notion aside with his hand.

"Unheard of, my dear sir; unheard of nowadays. The outcome of barbarism and ignorance. Of course, a certain amount of discipline has to be maintained, but my staff is experienced, and in every way reliable. We trust rather to moral suasion. We endeavour to build up the moral sense, which may at first

be weak or defective, rather than resort to measures of repression through fear of physical pain."

Mr. Tweedie scarcely relished this insinuation of a weak or defective moral sense in his son, his Lancelot. The suggestion was, he thought, one hardly befitting in a head master.

"I agree that corporal punishment should be used as sparingly as possible," he remarked severely, "if not wholly abandoned; but I do not think that you will find any necessity for rigid discipline in my son's case. Lancelot is exceptionally—shall I say, ductile?"

"Not subject to fits of violence, eh?" was the doctor's gloss upon this last word.

Mr. Tweedie felt annoyed. Here was another veiled allusion almost insulting to his son.

"Violence?" he exclaimed. "No, indeed. Look at him, Dr. Wragge. Can you suspect for one moment that he would be guilty of violence?"

Lancelot, who was in the act of conveying a surreptitious sweetmeat to his mouth, and had remained with his mouth idiotically open, and his hand half raised, certainly appeared the last person to be suspected of such a crime.

"Sometimes the mildest exterior may hide ——" the doctor began lamely.

"Then you may take my word for it, Dr. Wragge, that it does not in this case," Mr. Tweedie interrupted with some heat.

"I fear you have misunderstood my meaning," said the doctor, smiling blandly. "It is always well to make inquiries such as this, more as a matter of form than anything else; but I never for one moment wished to imply——"

"I am glad to hear it. You will find Lancelot exceedingly amenable to discipline."

The doctor hurriedly changed the subject.

"When would you wish him to come beneath my care?" he asked, anxious to terminate the interview.

"When does your Christmas term begin?" inquired Mr. Tweedie in turn.

"There is no need to keep to regular terms. We are open to receive your boy at any time that may suit your convenience."

"Surely that is a strange method of conducting such an establishment as yours?" commented Mr. Tweedie. "However, it is no business of mine. Suppose we say the 14th of September —a Thursday? It would be a pity to dock Lancelot of any of his summer holidays."

If the doctor was dimly conscious of cross-purposes in this reply he did not show it. Possibly he did not catch the whole tenor of Mr. Tweedie's remarks.

"I will make a note of the date," he said, taking from his pocket a small morocco-bound diary, and writing therein. "We shall be ready on the 14th to welcome your son to our establishment. Thank you."

He rose from his seat as he spoke, as if to dismiss the conference.

"One moment, doctor," interposed Mr. Tweedie. "I hope we shall not be taking up too much of your valuable time—('Not at all,' interjected the doctor pleasantly, though his looks belied his words) if we ask you to show us over the building, and, perhaps, permit us to see some of those who are to be Lancelot's companions. We heard their merry voices as we entered the gate."

"Certainly," said the doctor, somewhat mystified. "I can quite understand the feelings that prompt the request, although I must say that it is an unusual one."

He led the way out of the room, and proceeded to throw open one of the doors that gave upon the hall.

"This is the drawing-room," he said. "Its use is permitted to all after dinner."

"A fine, well-proportioned room," remarked Mr. Tweedie, stepping inside, and looking round him as he spoke. "But is not the furniture rather too good for general use?"

"Too good? I think not," said the doctor with decision, feeling rather ruffled at this outspoken and unexpected criticism.

"Of course, things have changed since my young days. We were never allowed to——"

"This is the dining-hall," announced the doctor, cutting short Mr. Tweedie's reminiscences.

"I am pleased to see that you have the room properly carpeted," was Mr. Tweedie's comment after surveying the apartment, "and the tables covered with reasonable table-cloths. In my day we had to be content with bare boards and American cloth. Things have indeed changed since then."

"I should hope that they had, sir," remarked the doctor, thoroughly nettled. "The play room."

A third door was flung open, and Mr. Tweedie stepped forward, but recoiled in horror from the scene that met his gaze. The walls were covered with match-boarding from floor to ceiling, and the windows were carefully barred. In one corner a wild-eyed, elderly gentleman was engaged in playing at horses, straddling across the back of an upturned chair, which he jerked backwards and forwards with manifest enjoyment. A morose youth, of any age between fifteen and thirty-five, was seated in the middle of the floor, sucking his finger, and making the most horrible grimaces at the newcomers. Another man, with a head out of

"THESE," EXPLAINED THE DOCTOR, 'ARE SOME OF MY BOARDERS."

proportion to his body, and a paper cocked-hat, several sizes too small, perched on the top of that, was drilling, greatly against their will, two other wretches whom he had ranged in a row before him. A hard-faced man of powerful physique was sitting near the windows reading a newspaper, and clearly in charge of the rest.

"Good gracious!" gasped Mr. Tweedie. "What does this mean? Who are these people?"

"These," explained the doctor, "are some of my boarders. Those whose mental trouble is less pronounced are amusing themselves in the garden. Your son would not, of course, be expected to associate with the more afflicted of my patients. You would, perhaps, like to visit the others?"

One word burned itself on Mr. Tweedie's brain.

"Patients!" he cried, after a moment of speechless indignation. "Did you say patients? Is this place a lunatic asylum?"

"Well, hardly that," replied the doctor. "This is a Private Home for Idiots and Imbeciles."

"And who are you, sir? I desired to see Dr. Wragge."

"That is my name—Dr. Wragge, M.D., F.R.C.S., Specialist in Affections of the Brain."

"But Dr. Wragge is the head master of an academy for the sons of gentlemen."

The doctor was convulsed with laughter.

"I fear," he said, gently, "that there has been a slight mistake somewhere. Dr. Wragge, of Eton House School, lives in Upper Rosemount Road. This is Lower."

"Come, Lancelot," said Mr. Tweedie, angrily. His sense of humour was not strongly developed, and he hated "being," as he put it, "made a fool of." "We have wasted too much time already. Good-day, Dr. Wragge."

The trio proceeded to the front door, and Mr. Tweedie was already half-way down the steps when a sudden thought seemed to strike him. He turned round ferociously.

"Do you mean to tell me, sir," he exclaimed, addressing the doctor, "that you imagined for one moment that my Lancelot was either an idiot or an imbecile?"

"Really," returned the doctor with icy politeness, "our interview scarcely served to remove any prepossession I might have had on the subject."

Mr. Tweedie was almost beside himself with rage.

"And you call yourself a specialist in affections of the brain?" he cried, with scathing sarcasm, shaking his fist at the still smiling doctor. "You are no better than a quack, sir! I repeat, sir, a quack!"

"Besides," continued Dr. Wragge, before closing the door, and thereby bringing the interview to an abrupt conclusion, "the mistake is surely no greater than to imagine that I was the head master of a school."

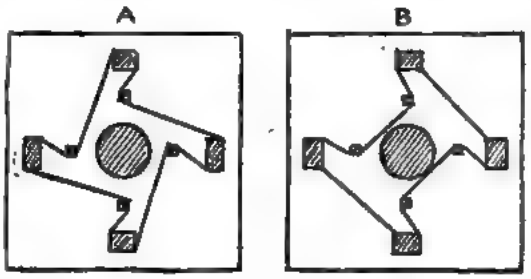
But in that the doctor was wrong. After all, the two occupations (*experto credé*) do not differ so very widely.

SOLUTIONS TO "SPHINX'S" PUZZLES.

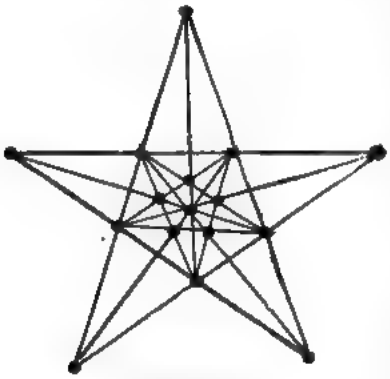
[Below will be found Mr. Henry E. Dudeney's solutions of puzzles contained in "A Chat with the Puzzle King."]

A Chat with the Puzzle King.—As there were so many puzzles in this article, I shall have to give the answers as briefly as possible.

The Wall Puzzle.—We all know that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. In finding the shortest wall we must, therefore, avoid all curves. Which of the two following methods is the shorter, will depend on the exact relative sizes and positions of the houses and on the consequent measurements in the diagram given us. In the case of the accompanying diagrams, B gives a considerably shorter wall than A, and readers will notice that in employing either method we may make use of some of the walls of the houses themselves.



THE WALL PUZZLE.


SIXTEEN COUNTERS.

Digital Problem.—The correct solution is as follows: 123—45—67 +89=100.

Sixteen Counters.—The counters may be arranged, as in the following diagram, so as to give as many as fifteen lines, with four counters in every line.

Word Square.—

P A L A T E D
A N E M O N E
L E V A N T S
A M A S S E S
T O N S U R E
E N T E R E R
D E S S E R T

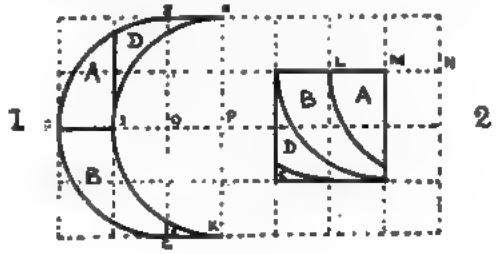
The verb "palate": to perceive by the taste, to relish, has the authority of Shakespeare. "No palating the taste of her dishonour."—*Troilus and Cressida*," act iv., sc. 1; also, *Antony and Cleopatra*," act v., sc. 2, seventh line. To "levant" is, of course, to abscond dishonourably.

Farthings Puzzle.—The only answer is £12 12s. 8d., which amount reduces to 12,128 farthings.

Eight Fat Boys.—There are eight different ways in which the boys may be *arranged* in the rooms so that their numbers will add up 12 in the eight different directions. But only four of these arrangements can possibly be reached without two of the boys ever being in the same room together, and of these four only two can be reached in the fewest possible moves—the number of which is nineteen. These moves will bring about position A: 5, 3, 2, 5, 7, 6, 4, 1, 5, 7, 6, 4, 1, 6, 4, 8, 3, 2, 7; and these moves will lead up to position B: 4, 1, 2, 4, 1, 6, 7, 1, 5, 8, 1, 5, 6, 7, 5, 6, 4, 2, 7. Of course, as there is never more than one room into which a boy may enter, I merely give the numbers of the boys in the order in which they move

A.	B.
5 7	7 2 3
6 4 2	4 8
1 8 3	5 6 1

Moon Puzzle.—The diagram is divided into



MOON PUZZLE.

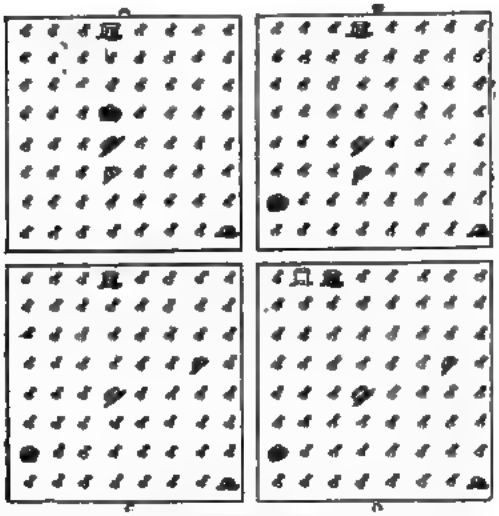
twenty-eight little squares of equal dimensions. Place the point of your compasses at O and describe a semicircle through EFG. Then remove the point of your compasses to P, and describe another semicircle through HIK. These semicircles are precisely alike, and we join EH and GK by straight lines. This is the actual form of the crescent given in the original illustration and I will here point out that if it had been

a perfect lune the solution could only be approximate; but, with those two little straight lines (so easily overlooked by the eye), the solution is absolutely exact.

With the aid of the dotted lines the direction of the three cuts is made perfectly obvious, and in No. 2 we see just how the four pieces fit together to form the required square. It will be noticed that the two pieces A and D are turned over. The reader will find, if he places the point of his compasses (open to the same distance as before) at the points L, M and N in turn, the directions of the three curved lines in the square are found without any difficulty.

Hat-peg Puzzle.—Here is the solution in diagram form :—

I have introduced five different hats and caps,

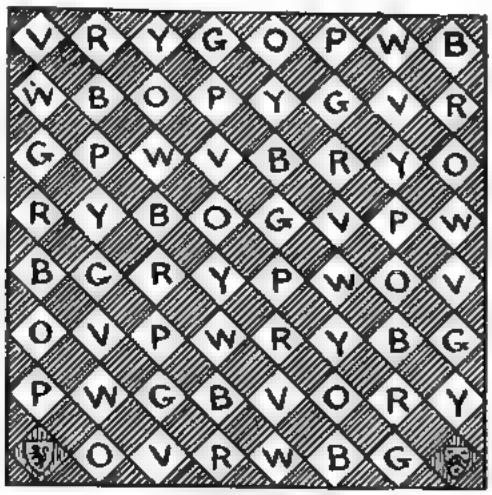


HAT-PEG PUZZLE.

so that the moves may be more easily followed. In A we see that one of the hats has been removed to the bottom right-hand corner. This is the only possible first move, if every peg is to be in line with at least one hat. In B the hat second from the top has been removed. The remaining two diagrams show the other two moves; the straw hat not being removed at all. On the fourth move we have a choice of two pegs, as shown in D, where (since the silk hat may not be in two places at the same time) I have depicted its astral body in a position that might have been taken up with equal effect.

A Problem in Mosaics.—The greatest number of tiles that can be placed, under the conditions, is 62, which will fill up every vacant space. Here is the arrangement :—

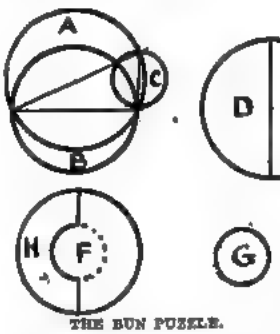
Surprising as it may seem, it is a fact that, with the trifling exception that the purple and yellow tiles standing immediately above the coats of



A PROBLEM IN MOSAICS.

arms may exchange places, there is only this one possible solution.

The Bun Puzzle.—Every boy who is acquainted with the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid knows that the sum of the squares of the base and perpendicular of any right-angled triangle equals the square of the hypotenuse. But the law applies to other symmetrical figures also; for example, to circles. Now, the three buns that I gave in my sketch were so selected that their diameters will form a right-angled triangle as shown by A, B, C. It follows that the combined areas of buns B and C are equal to bun A—in other words, that the two smaller buns contain together just as much edible substance as the largest bun. Therefore, the half bun D is an exact fourth share, and so is E. Now place bun G on bun F, and cut away half of the edging, as indicated. What remains of F is another fourth share, and G and H together make the fourth boy's share. The division is thus made equitably in as few as five pieces.



THE BUN PUZZLE.

Only a few of the easier puzzles were solved, but a book each will be sent to PERCY A. ALDRIDGE, 26, Beechfield Terrace, Lancaster, and W. HOUGH, 17, Northern Grove, West Didsbury, Manchester, for the best attempts.

Henry E. Dudeney.

[Lack of space compels me to hold over solution of "Four Princes" Puzzle.—H. E. D.]

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit

The Bancroftian (November) is a stranger to me in my critical capacity, and I therefore extend to it a special welcome. I would suggest to the editor that he lengthened his school notes, but that is the only weak spot that I can find. A considerable amount of space is devoted to letters from correspondents; this is just as well. Comments on school matters, provided that they keep within due bounds, often make spicy reading.

The Bathonian (November) is good, but, if I may say so, just a wee bit dull. Run in some light verse on a topical school subject, Mr. Editor, and see my critique on the *Bancroftian*.

The Bramptonian (December) is fond of printing a lot of stuff that has nothing to do with the school. "Chinese Secret Societies in Siam," for instance, is not calculated to interest the average Third or Fourth Form boy, and "Pagina Deveras" might very well have stood down in favour of a humorous article on the tuck-shop. I shall look for an improvement in this respect next month.

The Carthusian (December), under new management apparently, still bucks up "quite some." "Hunkey Ben's" poem, entitled "The Old Order Changeth," might well be laid to heart by the Kiplingesque youngsters. Here is an extract:—

My little boy, you must not wear
A collar-bearing basher;
When first I came to Charterhouse
No action could be rasher.

When first I came, it used to be
Unusual, I say,
To see a boy, if not a "blood,"
Decked out in such array.

Assuredly the march of Time
Ought rather to enhance
Respect for school observances
Undimmed by Time's advance

So let me ask you youngsters of
The rising generation,
To treat old customs with respect
(And also veneration).

S. Dunstan's College Chronicle (September) is an adequate record of school events. It is well got up and carefully edited.

The Eastbournian (November) is as bulky as ever, but the style and tone of the journal are good, and I cannot conceive of a better record than is here afforded. I notice that the Cadet Corps was reviewed in the summer by the Prince of Wales—an honour that falls to the lot of few school corps, and will be long remembered by all patriotic Eastbournians. The Oxford and Cambridge Letters show that many of the old boys have been distinguishing themselves at the Universities.

Glasgow Academy Chronicle (November) is a staid and sober sheet. I should like to see a little of that proverbial Scottish humour instilled into its pages.

The Halleyburian (November) prints interesting letters from old boys in India and British Central Africa. C. N. H.'s poem on "Autumn" is a little belated, but none the worse for that. Turning out verses is good practise for writing prose, and it should be an additional spur when there is a chance of getting some of one's work into the school magazine.

The Hurst Johnian (December) is brightly written, but I would advise the editor to break his editorial up into notes. It makes it look lighter reading, and it will probably become lighter. The "Prologue to 'Twelfth Night'" is well done, and a patriotic letter is sent by an old boy in Richmond, Natal. Hope Mr. H. C. Ward will come through the trouble with a whole skin, and I have no doubt he will do his duty.

The King Edward's School Chronicle (October) covers all the necessary features, but could do with a little seasoning in the way of humour. The editorial mind does not seem to stamp itself on every part of the magazine in the way that I like to see. Pull it together a little, sir, and cheer up!

The Ledberghian (November) publishes a

poem, entitled "A Bush Letter," which is not exactly school matter, but may be excused on account of its cleverness. It is signed "Barbarus," but I presume it comes from an old boy out in the wilds, and what could be nicer than that? "A Yorkshire Sketch" is not so entertaining. The letters to the editor are good, especially the one about King Charles.

The Leys Fortnightly (December 8th) is, of course, full of football, and I note that several really good books have been added to the library. The "Recollections of a House Match" are amusing.

The Mason University College Magazine (November) still keeps up its wonderful supply of advertisements. I must give this editor up, I think. He doesn't seem to see my point when I say that a private publication is spoilt by this kind of thing. Let it pass. The "Corridor Notes" are interesting; they might be made longer with advantage.

St. Michael's Chronicle (October) has travelled from Michaelhouse, Pietermaritzburg, and leads off with jubilations on account of the war. I hoped to find some exclusive information about Kruger and his little lot, but was disappointed. I expect the cadets of Michaelhouse are eager to be in the thick of the fray. Good luck to them all!

The Owens College Union Magazine (November) sports a fine cover, which is reproduced on this page. Barring the advertisements, the journal is a good one, and reflects credit on its editor.

The Portcullis (November) is carefully edited, and forms an adequate chronicle. I hope I shall see it often. The old boys seem to be doing very well in all parts of the world. I notice that A. H. Bullock has been wounded in the Transvaal War. I trust he will come out safely.

The Portmuthian (November) records at length the doings of the Cadet Corps, than which nothing could be more appropriate at the present time. The "Old Boys' Chronicle" is the sort of column that makes a school magazine worth printing.

The Reptonian (October) is mainly composed of cricket scores. It never does to be too sure, but I should say that the editor was just a little bit lazy. His editorial is far too short, and I don't find his hand in other parts of the journal as frequently as is necessary. Of course, he may be a very busy man, but aren't we told that the busiest people have the most time to spare for work?

The Salopian (November) I always like, but I do not agree with the writer of the "Open Letter from my Uncle to my Nephew," that Mr. Kipling has caught the living speech of the school-boy in "Stalky & Co." In my days, if any fellows had gone about in the way that those three beauties of Mr. Kipling's did, they would have got what we used to call a "booting." The accounts of the football matches in this number of the *Salopian* form an excellent feature.

Sexey's School Magazine (Michaelmas) displays the magisterial hand rather too plainly. That being the case, I should not presume to criticise.

The Touchstone (July) is the magazine of the Campbell College, Belfast. It serves its purpose admirably.

Ulula (October) is the Manchester Grammar School Magazine. I find it dull. Why "cull" things from the *Manchester Guardian*?

The Vigornian (November) is the Worcester Cathedral King's School Chronicle. It is well got up, but I think "Four Men in a Boat" rather out of place. They might upset people.

Willeslie House School Magazine (July) I must take the responsibility for, I suppose, for it is a maiden number, and follows my tips with most touching faith. May I be pardoned for saying that I find the result excellent? Go on as you have begun, *W. H. S. M.*, and you will do.

St. Winifred's Magazine (August) contains an excellent account of the annual sports by "One of the Crowd," and some decidedly clever ornithological notes, which, needless to say, are "spoof." Congratulations to H. V. Braham on his schol. to Uppingham.

The Wulfrunian (April) has been a long time getting to me from Wolverhampton; perhaps that is because it is so heavy. The advertisements don't lighten the weight, either. However, the Cambridge and Oxford letters speak well for the old boys, and there are no less than thirty-four pages of reading matter. I hope I shall receive the *Wulfrunian* regularly in future.

The Xaverian Oracle (Autumn) comes, as I think I have said before, from St. Francis Xavier's College, Bruges, Belgium, and is printed in French and English. I am glad to see that the members of the college do not neglect their cricket and football, and rejoice that they have had the benefit of Mr. Fry's excellent articles. The editor makes a point of his "Competitions"; some of them are very ingenious.

HOW TO BOX.—III.

CONCLUDING HINTS.

ON GUARD.

By JEM MACE, Jun.

FEINTING, if well done, is one of the surest ways of reaching your mark.

Feinting is deception, and deception is the best policy in boxing, and should be practised as much as possible. Often have I seen boxers give themselves entirely away by striking an attitude of defence, as much as to say: "If you attack me I will do so and so," and you can tell what that so and so is by looking at their position. If they intend giving a No. 4 they will turn a little more to the right, draw the right arm a little farther back, and then wait, quite oblivious of the fact that their adversary is watching them, and, if at all clever, will send his blow in another direction. Again, if they want to try a No. 3 they will start working their way outside your left leg before ever you think of attacking. These displays are both stupid and unsightly; avoid them, and always remain in the first position until such time as the enemy attacks, then, with the quickness of thought, deliver your counter, whichever it may be, in the manner described under that particular number. But to return to feinting.

FIG. 5.—FEINTING.

There are several ways of feinting. One is to lunge out with the left, pointing at the "mark," at the same time dropping the eyes to more fully deceive your man; instead, however, of actually delivering the blow, draw the arm back again, and immediately send it at the head; in like manner, a feint may be made at the head and the blow delivered at the body. Now, with this mode of feinting, a quick opponent may be able to stop you, and I think the better way is, instead of drawing the arm back again, after making the feint at the body, to continue the lunge, turning the hand upwards and striking at the head. Another way of feinting (and this must be done smartly, or it will not have the desired effect) is to see that your opponent's eyes are intently fixed on yours, suddenly cast your eyes to the right, simultaneously strike out with your left, turning the eyes back; he instinctively follows your eyes, and is off his guard.

Again, draw the right hand backwards, as though you meant to hit with it, at the same time deliver the left.

Once more, feint with the left: this time draw the arm back, slip the head to the left front, and deliver either 4 or 5, whichever appears the most open to you.

Yet another way of feinting is to stamp the left foot, as though you were lunging out, but instead, pause and then lunge.

Lastly, strike out with the left; do not fully extend the arm at first, but strike out a second time, and with the second stroke lunge out fully, hand and foot.

All these feints have the tendency of drawing your opponent off his guard and leaving him open to attack; further, they have the effect of showing you what his intentions are, thus giving you an opportunity of fortifying yourself.

Feinting requires a great deal of practice, and I should advise you to get a dummy—say a ball, sack of sawdust, or even a pillow—and practise the various movements; all the hits, excepting 2 and 6, can be given preceded by a feint.

BOXING.

In boxing be not too anxious to lead off, but cautiously spar round your adversary, gradually

creeping to within hitting distance, then make your attack.

I am bound to once more impress upon you the necessity of considering the height of your opponent; should he be shorter in height and reach than yourself, take care not to let him get sufficiently close to attack you; but, directly he comes within your reach, lead out and be first; then get back again. The shorter man must not retire, but throw the weight of his body forward and act in one of the following ways:—

Counter No. 1A or No. 2. Counter No. 6. Counter No. 3. Counter No. 5.

In the case of the shorter man attacking, the taller should counter No. 1A or No. 4.

The shorter man's determination from the beginning should be at all costs to get and keep close up to his opponent, so as to equalise his chance as much as possible against his adversary's long reach.

If you can detect your adversary feinting for a hit, lead off immediately to the best advantage before he has time to deliver his intended blow.

You will frequently find, especially with beginners, that when you lead at them, instead of countering simultaneously, they will give you time to get back before they reply. In this lies a great weakness, as I will endeavour to show; so much so, that I advise you by all means to encourage the action. Say, for instance, you lead No. 1 and get back; they do not come out. Well and good, try again. Lead No. 1 again and back—or say, even as you are getting back, they counter No. 1—immediately lunge out and deliver No. 3, or, indeed, any of the counter hits, so long as your opponent's counter is not given simultaneously with your lead, in which case parry No. 1—that is, if you have gone too far with your first attack.

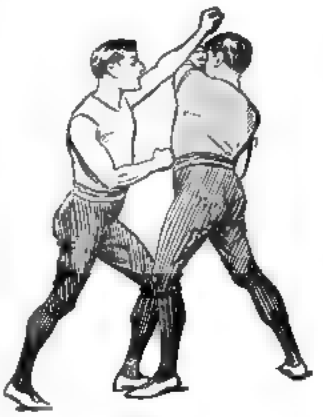


FIG. 6.

LOOSE PLAY.

It is utterly impossible to lay down a law for a man's actions when facing an opponent, so much depends upon his style, attitude, and peculiarities. The clumsiest of boxers will at times reach you with something quite unknown in the boxing world.

I will not, therefore, pretend to lay down a law, but just give one or two general hints which I think you will find useful.

Firstly, let me say, *practise as much as possible*—not merely with the idea of becoming clever, but because it is one of the healthiest exercises you can possibly indulge in.

Should you become an expert in the art of boxing, do not abuse your abilities by becoming a bully, but use them always in the defence of yourself and others against those whom you will generally find are cowards at heart.

Remember that a rich man can always afford to be generous, and let your motto be "Defence, not Defiance!"

We will now proceed. On guard: fix your eye upon your adversary and test the power of his eye; look him through and through, and you will soon find out his strength; let your gaze be so fixed that you can see every movement of his body. Judge well your distance, so as to know exactly when to attack and when to retire. *Keep manœuvring*, not necessarily moving; be ever on the alert. Test your opponent with a feint, by which means you may get a useful hint as to his intentions towards you. Steal all the hits you can for nothing; this is the art of boxing; anybody can take a hit for a hit. Once in close quarters, use well the forearm, get away as soon as you can with advantage, but stick like glue if you find infighting suits you best. If you find yourself short of wind, spar round for time; keep your man off with parries, and now and again breaking in with a lead, to prevent your adversary (if possible) from forcing the fighting.

If when you attack your man retires, follow him up, and continue to do so (keeping the left foot in front), remembering that he cannot possibly fight and retire at the same time.

Above all things, keep cool; do not get excited; let not victory elate you, nor defeat depress you. If you get a good punch do not lose your temper, but endeavour to return it with interest. A man who loses his temper, loses his head, wherein all power lies; for, strange as it may seem to the unlearned, boxing, like most other things, is done with the brains—not brute force and ignorance.

I do not advocate ducking, and will not, therefore, give advice about upper-cutting.

With these few remarks I must close. More might be added, but I think too much elaboration confuses the mind, and as a better man than myself has said: "Brevity is the soul of wit!"

Abolition of Competition Coupon.—I have to make an announcement which should bring joy to the heart of many a lusty competitor. No coupon, in future, need be sent with "comps." You can go in for as many "comps." as you like, so long as you come within the specified age limits. So now let each of you good Members of my Crew spread this news far and wide, and let each of you bear in mind that fine old adage:—

If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again!

Our voyage for the last six months is now up, our cargo in discharged, and I have by me the new freight with which we shall sail in April. May the weather be fine, may the wind be in our favour, may the same old crew stick by us, and may the many thousands of passengers who sail with us retain all confidence in our navigation! A word, now, as to the above-mentioned new freight.

"The Three Scouts," by Mr. Fred Whishaw, whose name and work you all know, is a military serial. It will deal with the present crisis in South Africa. That Mr. Whishaw is the very best man whose pen I could have "commandeered" for THE CAPTAIN you will acknowledge so soon as you have read the opening chapters of his delightful story.

I had thoughts of publishing a naval story by Dr. Gordon Stables in Volume III., but the state of affairs in Natal makes it evident that nothing could be more popular just now than a stirring war tale. Dr. Stables agrees with me on this point, and so I shall keep his story until October. By the way, Dr. Stables is shortly off to the Cape in search of materials for a new book. I wish him *bon voyage!*

"Acton's Feud" is the title of the new public school serial which will begin next month. The author is Mr. Fred Swainson, with whose short stories you are already acquainted. Mr. Swainson, being a master at a big public school, is well acquainted with his subject, and I can assure you that "Acton's Feud" is one of the finest tales of this kind I have ever read—written with a swing and a grip which are fascinating in the extreme. I began reading the tale in manuscript one evening, and sat right on into the small hours of the following morning in order to finish it. That my readers will revel in "Acton's Feud" I have no possible doubt whatever.

As to other features, I have made a point of getting short stories of *as varied a type* as possible. The regular articles will be continued, and in addition Mr. Dudeney will contribute puzzles for your delectation. Further "Greyhouse Tales" will appear at intervals, and Mr. Fry, Mr. Gooch, and Mr. Manning Foster—our "specialists"—will continue to give you of their best. The "Special Pages," having proved so very popular, will be increased in number when space permits, and I also hope to print winning essays on such subjects as "My Favourite Character in Fiction," and "My Profession." I have in hand articles on "Fishing," "How to Make," etc., etc. I am also thinking out some new and original competitions that will appeal equally to readers of all ages.

I promised a poem by the late Judge Hughes, author of "Tom Browne's School-days," in this number, but as "April" will be published about the time the 'Varsity Boat Race comes off, I will give you "A Lay of

Boat-racing" next month. It is a curiosity, this poem, as it was written nearly sixty years ago, and has never yet been published.

G. H. Whitehouse wants to know whether this year is the last of the nineteenth century or the first of the twentieth. "G. H. W." thinks it is the last of the nineteenth, while the German Emperor declares it is the first of the twentieth. I am asked to decide. I will. G. H. Whitehouse is right, and His Imperial Majesty, the German Emperor, has made a miscalculation

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Dear Old Fag,—Herewith a few words about yourself. Well, frankness is your strong point, I should imagine—at least, it is, I should judge, from the way in which you reply to literary and artistic aspirants, who submit their flutterings and scrawlings to your discretion. Poor things! However, I like you for being old; I like you for editing THE CAP.; I like you for a lot of things: but I don't like you for not being married. You see, if you had a nice, cosy old wife—something like yourself—we should be able to send our love to her (and get it back). Still, *you'll do.*—Yours, "BERNARD."

The Chess Editor is compiling a list of School Chess Clubs, and will be pleased to hear from the various Presidents or Captains of such with a view to organising inter-school competitions by post. The prize awarded to the winning school team will consist of a handsome set of chessmen, with board. Intimations from schools willing to enter must be received not later than March 12th. Full particulars of the competition will be published in the April number.

Dear Old Fag,—Though I'm only a boy, I wish I were a girl. Don't you agree with me, now, that girls have a much jollier time after all. You may say, but girls can't play footer or cricket, etc.; but they do, and have clubs—cycling and swimming, too. Then they don't have the office drudgery, and aren't expected to earn their living, but they just wait till someone comes and asks them to marry, and they live happy ever after, living on their husbands' money. Of course, I'm talking of girls with whom you correspond, and who write to you about "being only a girl." I think they're jolly lucky; what do you think?—Yours, "WUGGS."

Captain of Tonbridge School.—A number of correspondents have drawn my attention to a mistake caused by printing the wrong name under a photograph. R. F. Worthington is the captain of Tonbridge School, A. Brown is captain of the school XV., and R. N. Hancock is a prominent member of that XV.

Colonial Schools (a page of) I shall be most happy to publish, when there are enough photographs. Furthermore, I have no objection whatever to publishing pages of "Scotch Schools," "Welsh Schools," and "Irish Schools." As for "English Schools," well—I have put in pictures of a good few, and shall be glad to publish more when they are sent to me

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The Christmas Cards I received from readers decorated my office for some time after Christmas. I have to thank the following for their very pretty and seasonable remembrances: W. F. Little, Jennie Clasper, Leslie Howe, "An Encroaching Girl," H. J. Weighell, "Lenore," C. J. Thompson, Ida Wild, "The Triple Alliance," "Another of the Crew," Daisy, "Paul Kruger," "The Scribbler," "Wellwisher," Dorothy Rowe, "A Reader," and others who did not put their names on the cards they sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. W. Hurst.—I have read your long and critical letter with appreciation from beginning to end, and have much pleasure in answering your questions, as follows:—(1) The motto over the School Mag. Reviews, literally translated, means: "*In days to come it will be pleasant to recollect these things*"; or (a free translation) "*This for remembrance.*" The line is from Vergil. (2) Your handwriting is clear, but you get too much on to a page. (3) Certainly, a man of twenty can learn to play the violin or piano—if he really gives his mind to the job. (4) Of course you can learn swimming now—take as much exercise as possible, and join the volunteers. Plenty of drill will cure your round shoulders. (5) Consult a doctor if it is really bad. Probably only the result of growing fast, and will go away as you get older.

A Rugbeian, referring to our article on "Curious School Customs" in the January number, informs me that "hall-singing" at Rugby School only comes off in two houses, and in no case has the boy who fails to sing a song to drink an obnoxious mixture—he merely has to stand up on the bed while the rest of the house, led by the captain of the

house fifteen, sing "Rule Britannia" at him. My correspondent adds that the singing of "Vive-la!" in Big School has long been abolished.

Harrovian (referring to the same article) says that the custom of "House Singing" (not "House Chor") at Harrow is presided over by the school organist, and is not attended by red dressing gowns or glasses of salt and water.

A Sportsgirl.—You evidently live up to your *nom de plume*, and I must say I should like to go a-hunting with you! As to your proposal, you may think what you like of me, but I do not consider that this is the sort of magazine that articles on "Racing" or "Jockeys" should appear in. My "crew" will be able to read of these things in plenty of other papers when they are grown-up men—and women.

A. E. Archer.—Your tortoise will go to sleep "on its own" during the cold weather. Let it remain indoors; when it wakes up give it fresh greens.

A "Captain" Reader wants to know how those pictures for "The New Gulliver's Travels" are obtained. Briefly, the thing is done by taking two separate negatives (sometimes more) and combining these to form one picture in the process of printing. Thus, in the particular picture of Gulliver on the bicycle lamp, one photograph or negative is taken of the lamp, etc., and a second one of the figure (care being taken to have them the right scale), and then the figure is "printed in" to the first negative. If "A Captain Reader" is an amateur photographer, this hint will be sufficient for him, and he'll find the production of such pictures a very amusing pastime during the coming summer. But I must warn him that two things are essential: (1) A very good-natured friend who will submit to be posed, and (2) an exceeding amount of patience on his own part and a very firm determination not to lose his temper when his prints go wrong, as I am sorry to say they often do.

Judson.—You seem to have kept your pen pretty busy during the holidays. I wonder what your form-master thinks of your hand writing. With regard to your various questions: (1) Sir Henry Irving is a knight, not a baronet. (2) I believe my birthday is in June. (3) The colours of THE CAPTAIN are red, white, and black.

H. H. W. (SANDOWN).—(1) Clean the swords in your collection with rangoon oil. Rub it over with a bit of flannel. I do not know the name of the particular varnish you mention, but I do not think it is of any importance. Swords are like skates—any oil will do, but rangoon is the best. (2) As you live at Sandown, it won't take you long to get across to Portsmouth, and when you are there you can spend an afternoon "slumming" round the old curiosity shops, where you can pick up heaps of old cavalry swords.

Mabel.—Your Charles II. crown piece may be worth anything from 25s. to £2, according to its condition, but if it is worn much it is only worth its silver. If in a good state of preservation, the William and Mary farthing is worth 5s.; otherwise, it is practically valueless.

Pug says he can't wear woollen underclothing because it tickles him so awfully. I should advise him to try flannel.

A Criticiser.—Thank you for your kind letter. I am glad to see that you are proud of your sisters. As you say, there are some boys who refer slightingly to girls; but I do not think these boys are made of the right stuff. As regards your last question—let your office companions read THE CAPTAIN if they want to. I have no doubt that they will take it in for themselves, sometime or other. Of course, I should prefer them to do this.

Rottingdean sends me a prettily-illustrated post-card, having upon it a view of Mr. Kipling's residence: "The Elms," Rottingdean, near Brighton. Will "Tabbycat" please note?

Sun says that at his school they are always discussing my identity. Some say I am Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, others that I am Mr. C. B. Fry, while others even declare that I am Mr. Tom Browne. I assure "Sun" that I am not one of the above. The question is—Who am I?

Ever My Well-wisher says that he is thinking of taking in my magazine this year. If I were he, I would not spend any more time thinking about it—I would take it in right away.

D. W. Cunningham (MALTA).—Don't write any more stories until you are twenty-one, and then only "as a hobby."

E. H. C.—(1) You will find an article on Rugby football in this number. (2) We only supply cases for binding THE CAPTAIN for half-a-year. If you want to bind up a year's CAPTAINS, you had better go to a local bookbinder and get a special cover made for you. (3) Greyhouse, I understand, always played "Rugger," and plays it now. (4) Your query *re* cross-country running I have handed to Mr. Fry.

Fitzwilliams.—Send your chess comp. answer on a post-card. It strikes me your questions are unnecessary. Why don't you read the conditions, you bad boy?

Nemo.—I think you ought to be heartily ashamed of yourself. From the first you should have informed your mother of this friendship, and introduced your friend to her. Do so at once, and in future learn to control your tongue and behave like a gentleman.

J. Dilworth.—Thanks for your letter. The autograph of the Earl of Shrewsbury is worth about a penny. The fourteenth earl did nothing that became history. Were it the autograph of the Shrewsbury of Queen Elizabeth's time, it would be of some value.

Vera M. S.—A very good magazine for girls is the *Girl's Realm*, sixpence monthly, published by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. A portion of the *Ladies' Field* (George Newnes, Ltd., sixpence weekly), is set aside for girls of your age, under the title of "The Girls' Field." The editress, I believe, offers prizes for competition.

The Outcast. — Winchester plays "Rugger."

Wrexham Tower.—The sender of this photo was H. Sinclair Browne, and not Gordon McVoy.

Thrush.—As you are so keenly interested in birds' eggs, you had better get the excellent books written on the subject by Messrs. Kearton, published by Cassell & Co.

Nigger Jokes.—Write to Samuel French, Limited, 89, Strand, London, for "Nigger Jokes and Stump Speeches," by John Wallace, jun., price One Shilling. Mr. Wallace has written pretty nearly all kinds of pieces for amateur performances, and will be glad to supply any reader with a list of them. His address is — 3, Dial Street, Edgehill, Liverpool.

Charles Cotterill and others.—In future, when I have a colonial or foreign competition, I will give you more time.

A Musselburgh Boy.—I think you are needlessly angry about "Smite-Them-Hip-and-Thigh's" letter. She was only having a dig at you. You will observe that I have altered your *nom de plume*.

C. Atkinson.—(1) If I were you I should leave the freckles alone: a boy ought not to bother about such things. (2) Your query *re* "Football Boots" I have handed to Mr. Fry. (3) Read our series of articles on "What to do When you Leave School," by Mr. Manning Foster. There ought to be something there which will suit you.

Lancer.—The front rank of a cavalry regiment are armed with lances, and the rear rank with sabres. The captains ride in front of their squadrons, and the lieutenants behind, or, sometimes, on the flanks of the squadrons.

N. M. S.—I have handed your amusing letter to Mr. Fry.

W. L. (15, St. John's Hill, Shrewsbury) is going to start a magazine, and would be obliged if anybody who has launched and run a school periodical would give him some information *re* cost, etc. (I should advise "W. L." to procure an estimate from a local printer.)

Cam.—If you consult the comp. conditions, you will find out all you want to know.

Xofer Young.—Mathematical problems would only appeal to a limited number of readers.

E. L.—Read August "Editorial" for hints to black-and-white artists. Send your drawings to the illustrated penny papers (as a beginning), with stamps for return of sketches, and don't be discouraged by "editorial regrets." Go on and conquer.

J. H. K.—I shall be glad to review private and club magazines as well as school magazines.

James Adam, Austin E. Lockyer, Victor Tremaine (Canada), **G. Browne, "Aberdonian," "Buffer," "Absent-minded Beggar," William Lelliott,** and **"Britannia,"** are thanked for their letters, corrections, and suggestions.

I am obliged to hold over a large number of replies.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of January Competitions.

No. I.—"Best Twelve Tales."

WINNER OF GRAMOPHONE: CHARLES LEIGH, 32, Beechfield Road, Catford, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: A. H. COOK, 112, Scarborough Street, West Hartlepool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frederick A. Allen, E. Patience Willis, F. H. Bracker, Arthur G. Cudlipp.

The following is a list, in order, of the

BEST TWELVE TALES

that have appeared in THE CAPTAIN, April to December, 1899; decided by votes of competitors.

1.	"The Storming of Greyhouse"	R. S. Warren Bell.
2.	"The Long White Line"	R. S. Warren Bell.
3.	"A Match for a Million"	Harold Macfarlane.
4.	"Plate Number 925"	Rev. A. N. Malan.
5.	"Trevelyan's Daring"	V. L. Going.
6.	"Across the Viaduct"	W. Lloyd Summers.
7.	"The Sanciest Boy in the Service"	Dr. Gordon Stables.
8.	"A Small Malignant"	Arthur King
9.	"The Bar-out at the Lycée St. Jacques"	Guy Cadogan Rothery.
10.	"The Saint of Harvey's"	Keble Howard.
11.	"How Sparkes Mustered his Team"	H. Hervey.
12.	"A Coward's Pluck"	G. Manville Fenn.

[N.B.—The winner chose ten out of the twelve stories, and put them in their right order. Five others got nine right, a Consolation Prize being awarded to the sender of the neatest list out of these.]

No. II.—Best Poetical Extract on "Resolution."

WINNER OF £1 1s.: A. G. ROPER, 10, Wellesley Grove, Croydon.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: ALEC. M STEVENSON, 8, Belmont Crescent, Hillhead, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. M Towndrow, Norman Maxwell, Alice E. Brough, J. N. Cundy, A. J. Johnston, H. W. Hirst, Edwin Backhouse, D. M. Strath, Arthur Fowler, M. Morris, Wilfred Grundy, F. G. Witts, W. G. Roper, Helen Tancock, Dorothy Webb, Herbert Fleming.

[N.B.—A large number of competitors sent extracts from Shakespeare and Tennyson.]

No. III.—Best "Association Football Team composed of Amateurs and Professionals mixed."

£1 1s, divided between: HERBERT H. WATTS, 175, Maysoule Road, Plough Road, Battersea, S.W.; A. MCCOMB, St. Deny's, Beccles, Suffolk; H. P. WILLIS, 2, White Ladies Gate, Clifton, Bristol.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: R. BRUCE CAWS, 25, Monkton Street, Ryde, I.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George Nott, A. A. Austin, A. J. Brice, S. J. Eacott, E. J. Quirk, A. Ward, W. J. Coates.

No. IV.—Best Map of South America.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: DAVID PRYDE, 74, Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: SYBIL HAINES, 4, Well Road, Guernsey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Eveline M. Pearson, D. Newill, Madeline Mather, Howard Caulkin, Dorothy Watkins, Francis E. F. Crisp, Achilles Van Swae, A. E. Andrews, Evelyn M. Waller, L. A. Field, G. L. Austin, H. Brinsmead, Ethel L. Coulson, Cyril St. John, H. S. Bould Adam, P. Nimmo, G. Stone, A. S. Atkinson, W. P. W. Turner, Gwendoline Perry, H. R. F. Kingscote, H. R. Hodge, G. D. Craggs, A. L. Snow, P. M. Fremlin, W. R. Goldsmith, T. Lax, A. G. Schofield, Dora Theakston, W. I. Duncan, E. I. Pye, A. J. Windle, W. Archibald, G. A. Grayston, L. J. Baker, Francis Heyes, W. G. Taylor, Eleanor E. Rogers, A. Whitley, Ida Wild, Hilda M. Court, Philip H. Hemsley, L. MacDonald Gill, W. Haymes, Evelyn C. S. Macandrew, C. H. Baker, J. F. Herries, T. F. Ingram, Ethel Young, Janie Stockwell, H. F. Bartlett, J. Slater, Margaret Taplin, A. J. Haggis, G. F. Hall, T. A. Chaplin, W. F. Little, Alison Macnab, Bessie H. Mann.

[NOTE.—A very large number of beautiful maps were received. The quality of the maps submitted is superior to that exhibited in any previous competition of this kind.]

No. V.—Correct Answers to Geographical Conundrums.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: H. R. MORRIS, "Belle Vue Lodge," Headington Hill, Oxford.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: CHRISTINE MARY ANDERSON, Oaken, near Wolverhampton, Staffs.; and C. D. JONES, "Homeside," Holmesdale Road, Sevenoaks, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ethel S. Burnett, E. E. Todd, J. Edwards.

No. VI.—Handwriting Competition.

CLASS I. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF 5s.: P. A. BURKETT, 26, Tufnell Park Road, Holloway, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: VERA BRUNT, Saxilby, Lincoln; and V. SANDFORD LONGMAN, 35, Carleton Road, Tufnell Park, N

HONOURABLE MENTION: Annie Colly, Hedley McConnell, Dorothy E. Senrle, Alliston R. S. Alexander.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twelve.)

5s. divided between: NINA KIRBY, 26, Mattock Lane, Ealing, W., and A. F. ATWELL, Bradford-on-Avon, Wiltshire.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: EDITH ALICE ANTHONY, 14, Victoria Road, Leamington, Spa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charlie Matthews, Ian S. Clarke.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Ten.)

WINNER OF 5s.: STANLEY DAVIES, 30, Bartley Terrace, Landore, Swansea.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: FRANK CRAVEN CARTER, "Cravenhurst," Prior Park Road, Bath.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles L. Balkwill, Mary Bedding.

The result of "Sphinx's" War Puzzle Competition will be found on page 521.

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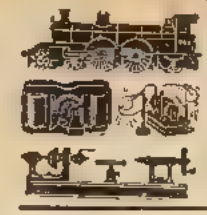

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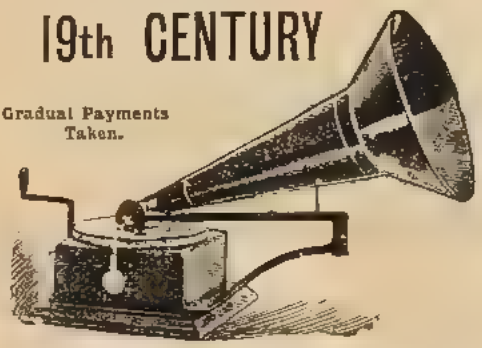

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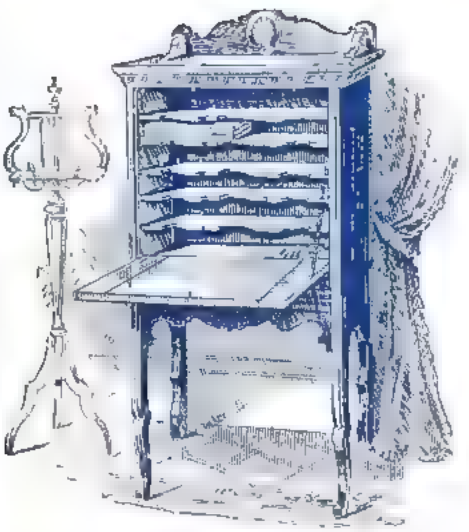

Harmony in music has been defined as a "just proportion of sound," but there is also such a thing as harmony in the furnishing of the home, when even the humblest surroundings have such "a just adaptation" to each other that the result is pleasing and artistic.

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